

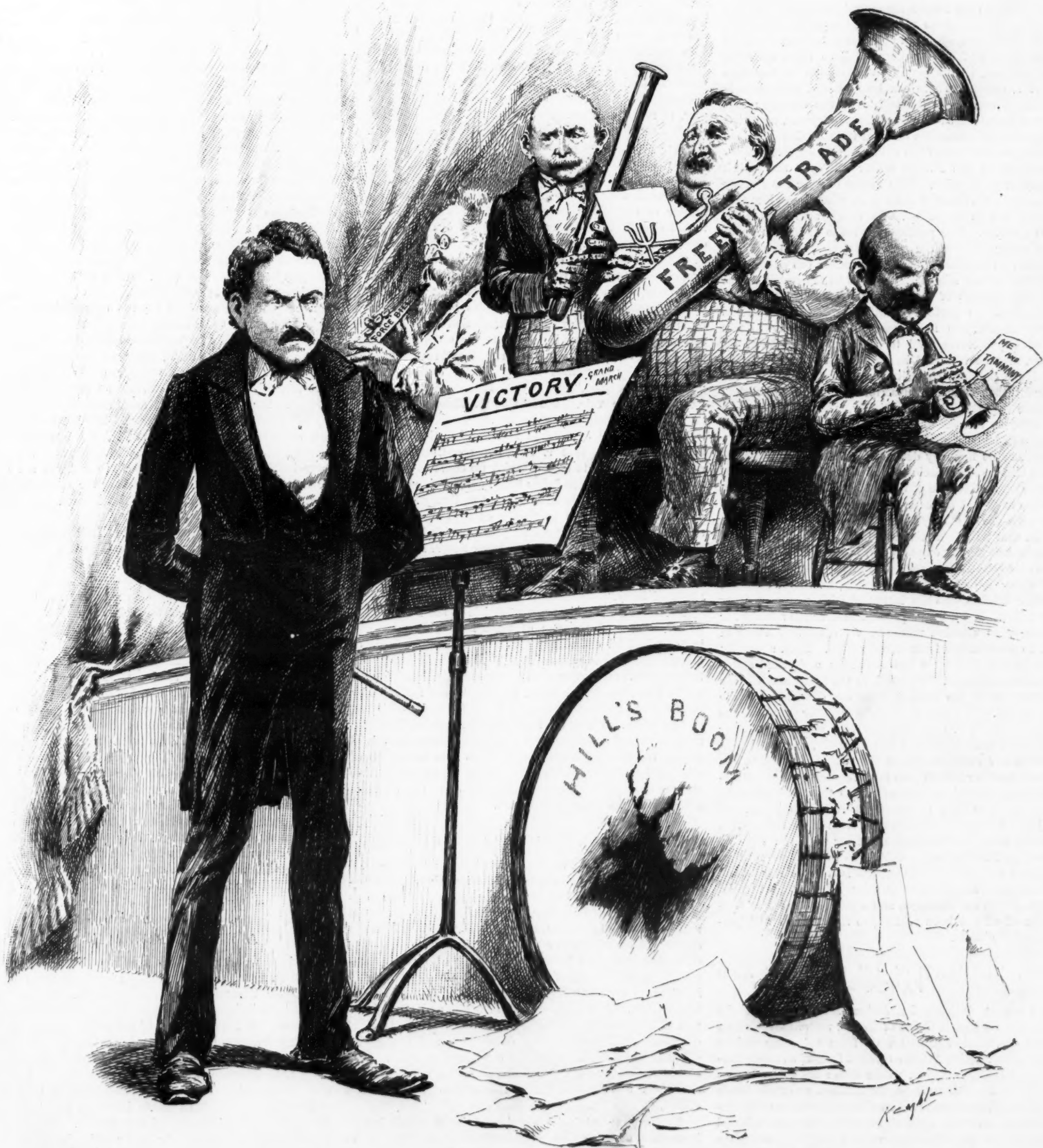
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THE DISCORDANT DEMOCRATIC ORCHESTRA.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

CONDUCTOR HARRY.—“Boys, I'm afraid we'll have to try another tune. There's no harmony in your music. Grover drowns everything else with his horn, and it ought to be played very quietly. Dana's piece ought to be heard above all, but somehow it doesn't work. Adlai, you're no good, any way. David B. seems to be playing hard enough, but no one can tell whether he's in tune or not.”

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1892.

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PURITY IN ELECTIONS.

A WRITER in the *Forum* suggests as a remedy for corruption in American politics the enactment in each State of a law compelling all political committees to publish the amount of subscriptions made to them for campaign purposes, together with a statement of the uses made of the same. There can be no doubt that there is enormous corruption in the politics of the country; that money is largely used for pernicious purposes, and that the highest public interests demand the adoption of means competent to the cure of the evil. But no such remedy as is suggested by the *Forum* writer will ever accomplish our political purification. This means of cure has already been employed in some of the States, where laws like that suggested are in operation. In every case they have proved abortive. The publications made under their provisions never disclose the real facts, and, with existing conditions, no legislation of this character can ever reach the source of the mischief. It is to be remembered that a considerable part of the expenditures attendant upon our elections are perfectly legitimate. The statements made by committees in all cases relate entirely to this class of expenditures, and these, although required by the law, may be regarded as for the most part as merely appeasing a prurient curiosity. In point of fact, the requirement that campaign subscriptions shall be published is a mere impertinence. Practically, the public has no more right to demand information as to what A, B, or C may give in furtherance of a political cause whose triumph as a citizen he honestly desires to promote, than it has to demand that he shall disclose what he may give in charity, or wager on his favorite at the races.

In the nature of the case it is practically impossible to prevent the use of money for election purposes. Our own belief is, that with our election laws as they now exist, the amount of money employed in the direct purchase of votes is comparatively small. The really great evil is found in the corruption of officers of election, boards of registry, and other officials who are intrusted with the protection of the ballot. If we would provide an effective remedy for debauchery in election methods, we must find a way in which to prevent this form of corruption. Such a remedy cannot be supplied by a law requiring a detailed statement of expenditures. We must, in the first place, elevate the character of the officials who are charged with the duties named. We must compel, by suitable penalties, the faithful discharge of the duties devolved upon them. Our courts must enforce, rigidly and pitilessly, the penal provisions of our statutes against this class of offenses. It will be altogether idle to pass laws requiring official statements from political committees as to their subscriptions and expenses, so long as grand juries fail to indict, and petit juries to convict, officials who, from any consideration whatever, corrupt or otherwise, tamper with the register, permit illegal voting, and combine to make false returns. In the last analysis, what is needed is a more robust and vigorous public sentiment as to this whole matter of official delinquency in our elections, and a more inflexible administration of all the laws relating to the exercise and protection of the ballot.

STATE REGULATION OF FREIGHTS AND FARES.

THE recent decision by Judge McCormack, of the United States Circuit Court of Texas, restrains the State railroad commission of that State from enforcing against the railroads running therein rates of freight and fare prescribed by the commission, where such rates are so low as to preclude the railroads paying interest on their bonds to creditors. The apparent limitation of the scope of the decision to cases in which the rights of creditors are affected occurs only because the suits were brought by mortgage creditors instead of by the railroads themselves, in order to obtain non-resident parties plaintiff, who alone could bring the suits against resident companies in the Federal courts. It is not intended to assume that creditors' rights to interest are any more sacred or inviolable than stockholders' rights to dividends, or than the railway company's

rights to charge such rates as will enable them to pay dividends, if by any rates whatever dividends can be earned.

In short, the broad principle involved is that capital invested in railways cannot, constitutionally, be compelled to have its charges for services so fixed for it by either a State Legislature, or by any commission created by a State Legislature, as to deprive it of all those profits which are the motive to investments, as wages are the motive to all free labor. Capital has the same right to be free to earn a profit as labor has to be free to earn a wage. As no legislative commission would be competent to fix a scale of wages which would enslave labor, so no such commission is competent to fix a scale of charges for the services rendered by capital which will prevent capital from being paid for its own services. The decision probably implies that no legislation heretofore enacted, and to all reasonable appearance none that can ever be enacted hereafter, can deprive the Federal courts of the supreme prerogative of having what the celebrated Judge Gary, of Chicago, once quaintly styled "the last guess" on the question of the rates of freight and fare which passengers and shippers can be compelled to pay.

We do not at this moment perceive that this case does any more than to apply the doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court in 1888 and 1889 in the cases of *Minneapolis Eastern vs. Minnesota* (134 U. S. R. 467), and *Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul vs. Minnesota* (id. 418), wherein the highest court affirms that the right of the public authorities of a State to prescribe rates in the first instance does not involve an unlimited right, on their part, to make unreasonably low rates. These cases seem amply sufficient to protect the Texas decision from the charge of innovation or of entering on debatable ground.

The Interstate Commerce Commission perceived in these Minnesota cases the knell of its own ultimate doom. For if the relation of a State Legislature to the courts in the matter of regulating freights and fares is that its action is not final, but is subject to the judicial oversight of the courts on the question of its reasonableness, the relation of Congress and of its creature, the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the courts, when acting in the same sphere, must be equally subject to judicial oversight and on the same grounds. Of course this implies logically the ultimate extinction of the railway commission itself, since the rate which it prescribes is subject to the same legal remedies and to the same judicial oversight and reversal as the rate originally prescribed by the railway company itself. "Truly, if this be so," exclaim the Interstate Commission, "our labors are vain. We had better dissolve."

Hence the commission, in its report for 1890, argues "that the making of rates is an administrative and not a judicial function; that it involves questions of future effects upon profits to capital which no court is competent to decide. It therefore infers that a commission appointed by Congress can decide it, and that, too, finally! If it can, then it can confiscate particular capitals by legislating away the sources of all possible profit, which is a manifest confiscation of capital itself. Whatever power is competent to confiscate capital can enslave labor, since in the last analysis labor is only a form of capital, and capital is a mode of labor."

Professor Hadley, in a recent article in the *Yale Review*, perceives that all theories of price regulation must end in the "judicial enforcement of equality on the basis of private initiative in rate-making." Any regulation by the State can get no further than to temporarily substitute the public initiative, by the State, for the private initiative by the owner. But the State rate is still a mere initiative, not a finality. When the logic of these decisions has been fully unwound the Interstate Commerce Commission will follow the various State commissions into the limbo of officious inability to which the decisions above quoted have already consigned all State-legislated rates and all State commissions for establishing rates.

THE QUARANTINE AGAINST CHOLERA.

THE action of the President in ordering a twenty-days' quarantine of all vessels reaching American shores from foreign ports has been almost universally approved by our people. The order, of course, puts an effectual stop to foreign immigration, and for the time being will relieve us from the dangers of infection and a possible cholera epidemic. The steamship companies have for the most part heartily complied with the President's order, and no vessels carrying immigrants are now leaving foreign shores for United States ports. A twenty-days' detention, and the subjection of all passengers, whether cabin or steerage, to rigid quarantine, will involve some discomfort, and necessarily entail considerable loss upon the carrying companies. This consideration, however, weighs as nothing against the enormous benefits which must follow the adoption of this course.

The prompt and decisive action of the President in this important matter affords a fresh illustration of the alertness, fidelity, and efficiency with which he is accustomed to meet every emergency as it arises. When apprised of the arrival of the plague-ship *Moravia* he was enjoying the hospitality of his associate on the national ticket, and engaged in a conference which possibly involved important results to the party of which he is a standard-bearer,

He was engaged to visit several towns of the State, where preparations had been made for his reception. Instantly putting aside every personal and political consideration, he abandoned the plans he had formed, hurried to the capital, and there within a few hours decided upon the actively defensive policy which has helped to avert a national panic with all its attendant consequences. The country has come to rely so implicitly upon the President in every exigency requiring wise and decisive action that this last exhibition of these commanding qualities has scarcely excited surprise. But it has none the less strengthened his hold upon the public confidence as a man who can at all times be fully depended upon.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

THE subject of educating the Indians is one of great importance as affecting the welfare of the Indians themselves as well as the public order and security. But it has never commanded the sympathy and attention to which it is entitled. The little that has been done in this direction has been achieved in the face of obstacles and opposition for which it is difficult to account on any patriotic ground. As is generally known, the general government carries on the work primarily and mainly through the agency of public institutions organized and directed by the Indian office on a strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian basis. The persons employed in these schools in various capacities are in the classified service, and receive their appointments on certification of the civil-service commission. The government has also for some years past made appropriations from the treasury to various contract schools. A table supplied by the Washington correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune* shows that during the last eight years the total amount awarded these contract schools was \$3,767,951. Of this sum \$2,366,416 were given to the Roman Catholics. The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs being hostile to the principle of appropriating public money for sectarian uses, no new schools have been organized under his administration, but existing schools have not been interfered with. Some of these, however, have been voluntarily surrendered.

The opinion entertained by the commissioner on this subject is coming to be shared by the public at large, and is manifesting itself more and more emphatically every day. Obedient to this sentiment, three of the great denominations, the Methodists, Baptists, and the Presbyterians, have formally and finally condemned the policy formerly pursued. The Baptists, it is said, have never accepted any public money for this purpose. The Methodists have now entirely abandoned the policy, while the Presbyterians will this year receive only \$29,000, and the Congregationalists only \$25,736 from the moneys set apart for the support of Indian schools under denominational control. The amount drawn by the Roman Catholics is stated at \$369,535.

It is quite possible that the work of Indian education has been facilitated by the methods heretofore pursued upon denominational lines, but the principle of applying public moneys to sectarian uses is indefensible. The government should assume direct charge of the whole Indian educational system, and conduct the schools precisely as other public schools are conducted, without the intervention of any outside parties whatever. It is unfortunate that, owing to the parsimony of a Democratic Congress, the appropriations made at the late session were considerably below the amount demanded by the Indian commissioner, and that as a result it has been found necessary to reduce the amount to both the government and the contract schools for the year ending with June next. Such an abridgment of this important work at the present time is most unfortunate. It will be infinitely cheaper to educate the Indians and equip them for some measure of usefulness, thus overcoming their savage tendencies, and would at the same time contribute vastly more to the security of our north-western communities, than it can be to reduce them to subjection by armed force, when, dominated by the fierce passions which education alone can overcome, they resort to hostilities for the correction of real or imaginary grievances.

A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW.

IT is not surprising that the Democratic newspapers have been filled with consternation by the recent report of the Labor Commissioner of New York. These newspapers have insisted that the McKinley tariff act has not contributed to the promotion of the public prosperity; that it has not increased the wages of workingmen, and that it has not enlarged and enriched the markets of the country. They have maintained, on the contrary, that it is responsible for the depression of industry, leading to lockouts and strikes, and that its whole influence has been prejudicial to the best interests of our people. The report of Commissioner Peck utterly and absolutely disproves all of these statements. Mr. Peck, who is a Democrat, entered upon his inquiry into the operations of the present tariff in the belief that the result would vindicate the Democratic tariff position. He expected to be able to furnish his party a campaign document of infinite value. The result has shown him, however, that he was totally in

error as to the effects of the McKinley legislation. His statistics conclusively establish the accuracy of the Republican insinuation, and demonstrate that the protective policy is in all its operations salutary and beneficent.

The period covered by the commissioner's investigation included the year immediately prior to the enactment of the McKinley law and the year immediately following its going into operation. The statistics upon which his conclusions are based were supplied by over six thousand representative and leading business firms of the State. The facts show that there was a net increase in wages of \$6,377,925 in the year 1891 as compared with 1890, and a net increase of production of \$31,315,130 in the same period. An analysis of his table further demonstrates that of the sixty-seven industries covered, seventy-seven per cent. show an increase either of wages or product, or both, "and there were no less than 89,717 instances of individual increase of wages during the same year" (1891). Speaking of another table the commissioner says: "Of the sixty-eight industries included, seventy-five per cent. of them show an increased average yearly earning in the year 1891, while the total average increase of yearly earnings of the 285,000 employes was \$23.11." He adds: "The average increase of yearly earnings of the employes in the fifty-one trades was \$43.96 in 1891 as compared with 1890."

The significance of these facts cannot be overrated. They rest upon evidence which is indisputable. They constitute a knock-down blow for the Democratic free-traders. They cannot be answered. They show that the McKinley tariff has given new impulse to the manufacturing interests of the country, and has been of practical advantage to both business men and wage-earners. It is true that these facts relate alone to the State of New York, but they are in the largest sense representative. For, as Mr. Peck remarks in his report, "No State in the Union offers a field so varied or extensive within which the statistician can carry on his work with greater assurances of intelligent success than is presented by the State of New York. Within its borders are to be found by far the greatest number of manufacturing establishments, the most varied industries, and the largest number of individual employers and wage-earners of any of the forty-four commonwealths embraced in the United States. So that, whatever the statistical data collected and tabulated may prove, relative to the effects of 'protection' on labor and wages in New York, may justly be taken as fairly representative of the conditions throughout the whole country."

Some of the Democratic newspapers are endeavoring to break the force of this report by the silly pretense that it was conceived in hostility to Mr. Cleveland, and was instigated by Senator Hill in his desire to injure his successful rival. It is a sufficient answer to this pretense that in the first place there is no evidence that Senator Hill does not propose to support Mr. Cleveland's candidacy, while in the second place the conclusions arrived at are based upon official data and are therefore unimpeachable. Besides, the accuracy of the report is confirmed from another official source, also Democratic, and equally trustworthy. The report of the superintendent of the State Banking Department, which was given to the public contemporaneously with that of the Labor Bureau, shows that the increase of deposits in the savings banks of the State during the last six months amounted to \$10,417,849, while the gain since January 1st, 1889, amounted to \$86,882,516. That is to say, the workmen of New York have been able during six months of the operation of the McKinley tariff act to increase their savings in the enormous sum of over ten millions of dollars. It is significant that this prosperity is especially exhibited in the savings banks of the manufacturing cities of the State. If it were true, as is claimed by the Democracy, that the protective policy has tended to the depression of industry, it is certainly amazing that such an enormous gain in savings should be exhibited. The figures go to show conclusively that the McKinley act has given profitable occupation to the operatives employed in our great manufacturing industries.

It is to be expected, of course, that our Democratic friends will persist in their declarations that free trade is the only wise policy, and that the interests of our working people are bound up in the overthrow of the existing protective system. They have committed themselves by their candidate and platform to a definite economic theory, and they mean to insist upon it, no matter how absolutely the facts of the case may be against them. But they will not be able to deceive the American people by their juggling with figures and their loud-mouthed assertion of an indefensible theory.

THE TIN-PLATE LIAR ANSWERED.

The financial report of the Treasury Department with reference to the growth of the tin-plate industry very effectively refutes all the Democratic representations to the effect that not only have no such plates been produced, but that the manufacture of them in this country in competition with Wales is impracticable. The report shows that in the first year after the new McKinley law took effect there were produced in the United States 13,646,719 pounds of tin andterne plates, and more than 4,800,000 pounds of American sheet-iron or steel were made into articles or wares,

tin orterne coated. The growth of the industry is shown by the fact that while during the first quarter of the fiscal year only five firms were engaged in the manufacture of these plates, twenty-six were so engaged during the fourth quarter. At least eight new establishments will be added to the list of manufactories before the close of the present quarter. Very emphatic confirmatory testimony as to American competition under the McKinley act is found in the fact that several Welsh tin-plate manufacturers closed their works during the last week in August. The London dispatch says that "ten thousand hands are idle." It is added, "Many of the workmen have sailed to find work in America." Facts like these may well embarrass our Democratic friends; but they will probably persist in their lying all the same.

A BAD MAN TO TACKLE.

THE Democratic newspapers which are engaged in abusing Commissioner Peck because he has told the truth about wages under the McKinley act, may discover presently that he is not a pleasant man to tackle. Mr. Peck has himself been a journalist, and has in more than one case shown that he has the courage of his convictions. One instance in his career may be recalled as illustrating this fact. While he was in control of the *Hornellsville Tribune* he at one time made a vigorous attack on the houses of prostitution, gamblers, and other dissolute characters of the town. His attack caused great consternation, and the accused parties in their wrath threatened him with personal violence. The temper of the man was shown by the fact that on the following day he devoted a whole broadside of his newspaper to a detailed exposure of the vices and immoralities of the city, naming the persons principally engaged therein and responsible therefor, and defying them to do their very worst. They concluded with great unanimity to let him alone, realizing that he could not be frightened from a performance of what he conceived to be his duty. Perhaps the Cleveland organs may discover, after a while, that they are not helping their cause by reviling and abusing him for the honest discharge of his duty as a public official.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

JUST now, when all the resources of the country are being employed to keep the cholera from our shores, it may be well to remember that the Democrats in the House of Representatives reduced the appropriation for the Marine Hospital from three hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. If the scourge should find a general foothold among us and carry off its thousands of victims, a great many people will probably conclude that the Democratic style of economy is scarcely deserving of popular commendation.

THE State of Michigan will make a novel exhibition in the Columbian Exposition. This exhibit will consist of a photographic illustration of all subjects of interest, including the industries of the State, such as mining, lumber, farming, manufactures, etc. In depicting the industries of the State, photographs will be exhibited of mines, seventy different kinds of timber trees, stone and marble quarries, orchards and farms. All the accessories of the various industries and resources will, so far as possible, be displayed. The idea is an excellent one, and might be profitably copied by other States.

ACCORDING to the last census there are in the State of Mississippi 257,105 males over twenty-one years of age. But the registration of voters in the State under the new constitution shows only 76,742 voters. Where are all the rest? The result, of course, has been reached by the exclusion of the negro voters. According to its voting population the State would be entitled to but two members of Congress. It is represented, however, by seven members, and claims nine electoral votes. If Mississippi persists in denying her legal voters the exercise of the right of franchise it is difficult to see why, in common justice, her representation in Congress should not be so reduced as to conform to the actual voting population.

THE Republicans of Missouri are making a vigorous campaign against Bourbon ring rule. Major William Warner, their candidate for Governor, is addressing large audiences in all parts of the State, and the indications are that he will make serious inroads upon Democratic majorities. He is a man of much force of character, and as a speaker ranks among the foremost of the State. His discussion of State issues is especially forcible, and is very naturally creating a good deal of consternation in the ranks of the Democracy. In Illinois, also, the Republicans are making an aggressive fight, and the Democratic rainbow-chasers will discover after a while that their expectations of success are altogether illusive.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recently had a cartoon which admirably suggests the dilemma in which Mr. Cleveland is placed by his advisers. On the one hand is Mr. Henry Watterson entreating the Presidential candidate in his

most seductive tones to "take the free-trade road to the White House. Go right through (if we don't fly the track)." While on the other side Mr. Dana implores the candidate to "take the anti-force bill route," guaranteeing "quick time, no changes, and no overcrowding." The editorial advisers are aptly characterized as "The Rival Scalpers." The intending passenger seems to be much perplexed, but if indications are to be trusted he is rather inclined—curiously enough—to yield to the solicitations of our good friend Dana. In point of fact, it does not make any difference which of the roads he may take, since either will lead him to political perdition.

THE announcement by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, that he will retire from the Senate at the close of his present term has naturally awakened a good deal of interest as to his probable successor. Mr. Dawes has served his State and country with such exceptional fidelity and usefulness that his successor will be required to measure up to a high standard of ability and efficiency. A number of gentlemen are named as candidates for his place. One of these, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, is frank enough to say that he would very much like to have it. His candor seems to have commended him very largely to the Republicans of his State, who, besides, clearly appreciate his fitness for the position. He is a man who can be trusted, and he would undoubtedly maintain the high reputation which the representatives of Massachusetts in the Senate have held for nearly half a century.

THE way in which some Democratic newspapers have denounced Senator Hill as a traitor because he happened to be in Albany at the time of the publication of the report of Labor Commissioner Peck hardly seems to be warranted. It is true that Senator Hill has not as yet manifested any absorbing interest in the success of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy. It is quite possible that he will not do so until Mr. Cleveland's managers shall acquiesce in the conditions which he has imposed and give over the control of the campaign in this State absolutely to Mr. Hill and his friends. When that is done, as it necessarily will be, the Senator may be expected to turn in for the ticket, though it is possible that he may not be able, by anything he can do, to quiet the suspicion with which he is regarded. It is quite certain that without his support New York cannot be carried for the Democratic ticket. We do not believe that it can be carried with his aid, but in all fairness he should not be denounced as a traitor until the fact of actual treason is established by indisputable evidence.

LABOR troubles of more or less gravity are still occurring at Homestead, and it hardly seems probable that the existing condition of unrest will cease so long as the foreign element shall constitute so large a portion of the working population of that town. It is stated upon authority that while there are employed in the Homestead works some thirty-eight hundred men, only eight hundred votes were actually cast in the borough. That is equivalent to saying that three thousand of the workmen there employed are foreign born, and are not yet citizens. The labor troubles at that point and elsewhere come very largely from these foreigners. They very seldom originate with the American-born laborer. But, while this is the fact, we read that hordes of immigrants continue to pour in upon us, more than fifty thousand arriving upon our shores every month. It is becoming a serious question whether we ought not to put up a bar against this unwelcome and undesirable invasion of elements which so often constitute a source of disorder and a menace to the public safety.

THE politics of South Carolina will continue to be dominated by Governor Tillman and the peculiar horde of politicians who surround him. The primary elections recently held through the State, which formed a substitute for a State election, resulted largely in favor of the existing régime. The campaign was one of great bitterness, the conservative Democracy employing all their resources to defeat the re-election of Tillman. There was some reason to hope that they would be successful, but the Tillmanites were too securely entrenched, and came off with a majority of some fifteen thousand in a total vote of sixty thousand. While we have no sort of sympathy with the conservatives who so long controlled South Carolina politics, maintaining themselves by the ostracism of a large voting element of the State, we cannot but regret Tillman's success as in some sense a real misfortune. His administration has been marked by a singular absence of dignity and almost a total want of regard for the real interests of the State. He represents influences and ideas which can never, in the best aspect of the case, contribute to the true welfare of the people. It may be that the haughty and domineering politicians who have so violently antagonized him deserve the fate which has overtaken them, but on the high ground of pure politics, cleanly administration, and wholesome civic progress we should regard the elimination of all such men as Tillman from our politics as a real benefaction.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 29TH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

On the 29th of August, 1809, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, seated in the study of the old gambrel-roofed parsonage on Cambridge common, took down his almanac, inserted against the date "Son b." and shook his sand-box over the fresh ink. Glistening particles of the sand still cling to the dried ink lines to witness a mutability in the affairs of men and letters greater than in its proverbially shifting self.

Not half a lifetime before it fell upon the page, King George's red-coats had straggled past the house with the militiamen of Lexington and Concord at their heels. But a few months later the Washington Elm across the common had been christened as it waved its broad arms over the new commander of the Continental army. It has watched the growth of the nation from toddling infancy to strong manhood; three wars have extended our territory and established our institutions, till we stretch from ocean to ocean, a mighty and united people.

In literature growth has been quite as marked. When Holmes was born, in 1809, Southey, Campbell, and Moore were in the midst of popular production; but Wordsworth, with his new principles hardly ten years old, was only just making head

against pronounced adverse criticism, while Tennyson, born the same year, and Browning three years later, had all their song to sing. On this side the ocean one found the poems of Barlow on every library table; Halleck and Drake were almost ready to declaim; and Bryant was lisping his first numbers; but Emerson, who was first to lead us from the beaten track, had seen only six summers. The beginning of this century was a period of limitations in the nation and its literature, and Holmes never shook himself entirely free from either. The genial Autocrat was more in earnest than he would himself have admitted, when he labeled Boston State House the hub of the solar system; and when he wrote, it was in the same verse-forms and mode of thought which the poets of his youth were using.

This youth had been spent under two of the conditions later declared by himself indispensable to satisfactory development: he possessed great-grandfathers and knew all about them; and he had tumbled about in a library. The Holmeses had been a line of scholars, while his mother was one of the Boston Wendells, a name many times repeated on the scroll of New England's greatness. Under the smile of "grandmother's mother," as she gazed at him from the old-time canvas, he wrote those deliciously characteristic verses to "Dorothy Q.," and it was in

the old homestead of the Wendells that he learned to love the Berkshires and the murmuring Housatonic. His father's library, at the end of the long, white passage, had held something more than theological treatises. The poets of the time were, of course, on the shelves; Gray was tucked in between Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy; Pope and Dryden with their pentameters were rubbing against "The Compleat Angler" and simple-hearted Sir Thomas Browne; while next them, with pages well thumbed, was merry old Geoffrey Chaucer. He had perhaps been most recently devouring "Marco Bozzaris" or "Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!" when, poised on one leg in this same library, he had scribbled laboriously the declamatory verses of his first poem, "Old Ironsides," which have rolled from the tongue of every school-boy since.

He had been schooled at Cambridge and later at Andover, but no one needs to be told that he took his bachelor's degree from Harvard in '29, for he has been the most loyal laureate of both the college and the class, and never has there been a celebration in the one or a reunion of the other which his pen has not been called upon to glorify. There are Phi Beta Kappa poems and centennial odes; there are the verses to the rhythm

(Continued on page 194.)



"He bowed down and kissed the emaciated hand."

THE RETURN.

By LYNN R. MEEKINS.

EDWARD DRENTON paused uneasily on the street as if trying to decide what to do. It was three o'clock in the morning, and all the houses in the row were dark, except one. In that a dim light was burning. He took out his watch, looked at the time, glanced hastily down the street, and then glided up the steps and unlocked the door.

It was a large house, luxuriously furnished, and as he crept along the soft carpets and up the stairs he made scarcely any noise. He went to the third story and entered the back room, where he lighted the gas, and, grabbing up a satchel, hastily and nervously filled it with articles, evidently for a journey. He stopped a moment to write a note, but when he read it he tore it up.

Then he turned out the gas, took the satchel, and descended the first flight of steps.

He paused at the door of the room in which the dim light burned, and listened, but there was no sound except a steady

breathing. After another moment of indecision he went on down and closed the door as softly as he could.

He walked briskly when he reached the open air, and increased his speed to a steady swing. The streets were deserted and he saw no signs of life—not even a policeman—until he reached a large building where the electric lights, the noise of steam and of bells, and the rows of cabs and groups of drowsy drivers told its character.

Very few people were at the station, and when Drenton stood before the ticket window he had to tap a coin on the marble slab to attract the attention of the sleepy clerk.

"Does the four o'clock train go to St. Louis?" he asked.

"There is a through car," was the reply.

"And the other cars?"

"Go to Chicago."

"Give me a ticket to Chicago."

The train was on time, and Drenton slipped through the gate

and made his way to the sleeping-car, where a porter perfunctorily took his satchel.

"I want a berth in which I can sleep until ten o'clock," he said.

"I don't know about that, sir."

"Here is a half dollar. I want the berth, and if there is any objection about late sleeping, I'm ill. Do you see?"

"It's all right, sir. You can have the berth."

Five minutes later the train pulled out of the station.

Late the next morning a young lady went to the third-story room which Edward Drenton had left, and knocked at the door.

"Edward, your breakfast is ready."

Finding no response she knocked again, and added: "Brother, I want to see you."

She knocked once more, and then turned the knob and looked in. She saw that the room had not been occupied, but she was

not alarmed, because it had happened that way before.

A moment later, however, she was filled with a strange fear.

With the keen eye of a sister who watched over the household effects of an only brother she discovered that certain articles were missing. She quickly looked into the cupboards, the bureaus, and on the stand. She found his writing-desk disturbed, and on the floor were scraps of paper which she picked up and pieced together, with this result:

"DEAR JUDITH:—I am going away—far away. I have lost all the money—everything except a few dollars to take me somewhere, where I hope to reform and gain enough to repay everything. If you love me, for God's sake don't let mother know! Don't—"

And there it stopped. Judith read it again and sat like one dazed. In a moment tears began to flow, and then she got better control of herself and wiped them from her face. She went down the steps and entered the front room, where an aged lady lay upon the bed.

"Where is Edward this morning?" the invalid asked. "He has not been to see me to-day."

"Edward has gone away."

"Without saying good-bye to me?"

"Yes, mother; he was called away suddenly on—on—business, to a town out West, and as he had to take a morning train he did not wish to disturb you."

The silvery-haired lady looked steadily at her daughter for a moment, and then said softly and sadly:

"Judith, I am growing very weak, and I cannot live much longer. You must write to Edward and ask him for my sake to get back as soon as he can."

Judith endeavored to reassure her, bringing her a handful of flowers from the window and letting in the sunshine to cheer her.

The hours dragged slowly. Visitors came to make their usual inquiries; there was no change in the routine. With Judith it was only a waiting to know what she should do. She was unable to bring herself to tell even her own sister, Mrs. Nerlington, who lived a few blocks below on the same street; at least not to tell her more than the fact that Edward had gone away.

In her misery she turned to Lawyer Wheat, who had managed the family affairs as long as she could remember. It was he who had written her father's will, and he who had turned over the estate to Edward Drenton when he became old enough to manage it.

She went to his office and in a few words told him frankly and freely all she knew. As she spoke a troubled look came over his face.

"I cannot understand how Edward could have got all the money from the bank," he said. "It was clearly understood that the checks were to be signed by your mother."

"Yes, I believe it was so understood," said Judith, helplessly.

"Then we must go to the bank."

They went. The cashier politely showed them the checks. In a moment the whole case was clear.

Lawyer Wheat told Miss Judith that she had better go home. He would investigate and call in the evening.

He was on time, and to Judith and Mr. and Mrs. Nerlington he explained the full results of his investigation. It was a familiar story. Edward had gambled and lost the money. There was only one way to recover anything, and that was to have Mrs. Drenton bring suit against the bank, which would, of course, publish the affair to the world.

The three persons, with blanched faces, discussed the situation earnestly. Mr. Nerlington announced the decision.

"We have enough of our own left to live on," he said, "and to keep mother. It would never do in the world for her to know of the affair. It would kill her."

"I hoped that you would agree to that," said the lawyer, "for the suit would be such a fight that you would all regret it more keenly than the loss of the money."

There it rested. They went around from day to day concealing their miserable secret, and replying to the mother's anxious questions as best they could.

"Haven't you heard yet?" she asked. "I am sure he will come back when he knows that I want him."

Two days after his call at the Drenton house Lawyer Wheat heard certain rumors that led him, for reasons of prudence, to a visit to the chief of police. To this official he went over confidentially and in full the details of the story, and said that the family had agreed not to prosecute him in any way, and wished the matter kept entirely quiet.

"As far as they are concerned," replied the

chief, "this might easily be done, but, unfortunately, young Drenton interested himself in other people's money."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, he forged a check on the Third National, and we have been at work on it since the day following his departure. He bought a ticket to Chicago, but I have every reason to believe he branched off and went to St. Louis, and from there on to the Southwest. I am sorry, Mr. Wheat, but it is too late now to stop the case."

"Defaulter Drenton Caught" was the headline that they read in the morning newspaper, and below it was a dispatch from Texas announcing his arrest while on his way to Mexican territory. "The identification is complete," it said, "and Drenton says he is willing to return without a requisition. The prisoner takes his arrest very hard, and refuses to eat. Only a few dollars were found on him." Then followed a local note of three lines saying that the dispatch had been received too late to get any details from the prisoner's family.

Lawyer Wheat was at the house before breakfast, and when the reporters came he was the unyielding barrier between them and the family.

The afternoon paper gave these few lines: "Drenton left to-day in charge of an officer. He will arrive at his destination on Tuesday."

Mrs. Drenton was growing weaker, and the doctor called in two colleagues for consultation. They could give no hope. Judith went to the bedside, and the invalid asked:

"Have you heard from Edward yet?"

"He is so far away, mother, that I fear he cannot come."

Mrs. Drenton shook her head very slowly and said:

"He will come, I know he will come."

Judith looked out of the window.

"Dear," the invalid said, "in my will I left Edward half the money, and divided the other half between you and Matilda. A boy needs more, and you—you will have enough."

"Don't talk any more, mother; it weakens you. Try to go to sleep," and the young lady walked away, and looked vacantly through the lace curtains.

Again the next day the mother wished to know if they had heard, and every day she repeated the question, and to their answer she replied:

"I'm sure he will come."

On Monday the doctors said that Mrs. Drenton could not last much longer. She seemed unnatural, and there appeared to be some excitement which was keeping her up.

When they left, Judith put on her bonnet and wrap and a heavy veil, and went down town, directly to the office of Lawyer Wheat. After a few minutes' conversation they left the office together. They soon branched off from the fashionable thoroughfare and followed a side street to a commoner part of the city, where they entered a large building on which were the words "Police Department."

"I wish to see the chief," said Mr. Wheat to the office attendant. "Tell him, please, that Mr. Wheat desires an immediate interview."

After a wait of a few minutes they were ushered in. The lawyer lost no time. He explained briefly and rapidly the purpose of the call.

"It is very unusual," said the chief, "but I think it can be arranged. I have a telegram here stating that they will arrive on the ten o'clock train to-morrow morning. Will Miss Drenton and yourself be at the station? Of course I will be obliged to take certain precautions."

"We understand that and appreciate your kindness," said Mr. Wheat.

"I thank you with all my heart," said the young lady, extending her hand to the man whose cool face, that had been impassive in the presence of some of the most heart-rending of tragedies, colored slightly at this expression of gratitude.

"I am very glad to serve you," he replied.

At nine o'clock the next morning a carriage drove up to the Drenton residence and Mr. Wheat got out. Judith was in the sick-room, and had just heard her mother tell of a dream that she had had during the night, of the joyous return of her son, and of her own happiness in seeing him. The doctor had come in and had stopped the talking because it was too great a drain upon her vitality.

"Her mind is wonderfully clear," he said, "but her strength is going."

Judith went out to meet Mr. Wheat. She quickly put on her hat and veil, and in a few moments they were on their way to the station.

When the train came in Edward got off. He was haggard, gaunt, and unnatural. There was a man with him, and the two were met by

two other men. As they came to the exit Mr. Wheat advanced, and after a few words the group marched to the carriage.

One officer entered first. Edward followed. He quickly saw that there was some one by his side.

"Judith," he said, "you should not have come."

"I came to take you to mother," she replied. "She cannot live much longer, and she has been asking for you every day."

"I cannot go."

"She does not know— You must go."

Mr. Wheat got in. The other two men took a cab and followed the carriage.

When they arrived at the house an officer in uniform was standing at the door. They entered without speaking a word. Judith said:

"I will go and tell her you are coming."

When she entered the room where the small family and the physician were standing around the bed, the doctor said:

"No excitement, please," but Judith did not hear him.

"Mother," she said, "Edward is here."

A look of gladness came into the dim eyes, and when Edward was ushered in safely but respectfully, followed by his attendants, she looked up and exclaimed:

"My darling boy!"

That was all. He stood there with his eyes suffused, and with his lips quivering as if wanting to speak, without being able to utter a syllable. For a moment everybody seemed transfixed. Tears of gladness came into the eyes of the patient sufferer, and finally the young man bowed down, and taking up the emaciated hand, kissed it again and again.

Then it was that the doctor came forward and whispered:

"You had better withdraw. She cannot stand the excitement."

He took the hand once more and kissed it while the dim eyes looked lovingly at him. He started away, but paused, and as he paused the officer advanced and whispered:

"You must come with us."

They had reached the street and had begun their ride to the station when Mrs. Drenton looked up, and with a smile of sweet fulfillment said softly, but joyously:

"I knew he would come."

Then she fell asleep, and as she slept she was smiling in her sleep.

ON A PORTRAIT.

SHE is not one of those proud queens
Who rose with radiant lips and mien,
And lulled an eager world's desire
With love tuned to a plaintive lyre;

Nor one of those whose virgin minds
Were like cool, quiet waters set
To motion which had neither fret
Of broken deeps or startled winds;

Nor yet of those whose beauty gave
A bitter freedom to the slave.

Ah! they were dim foreshadowings
Of what the woman still might be
When under skies of happier springs,
And under stars more sweet and free,
The listless puppet of a man,
In gentle guise or goddess-form,
Should rise to some diviner plan,
As the soul rises to the storm.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Continued from page 192.)

of which "29" set forth into the world; there is the scorn of encroaching age at the thirtieth anniversary, "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" and there is the pathetic finale of 1889:

"The play is over. While the light
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last good-night
Before the final exeat all."

After his graduation Holmes entered the law school, but smaller results attached to his legal studies than to his connection with the *Collegian*, a small paper in the hands of the students, in which appeared "The Last Leaf," "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Meeting of the Dryads," and the rest of that bunch of lyrics, distinctly stamped with the delicate grace and delicious humor which have ever since remained qualities inseparable from his verse. One year only was spent in the law, and then the true bent of his nature was discovered. He went into medicine and, for two years at home and almost three years in Paris, devoted himself to diligent study of the profession which has been so intimate and so large a part of his life. In 1836 he was again at home ready to take his M.D. and to read, before the P. B. K. Society, his "Poetry; A Metrical Essay," the first of those rhymed addresses which constitute so marked a department of his verse.

In 1839 he began his career as a teacher in the chair of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth, but he was too far away from home, and '40 finds him married and a popular physician in Boston. With Holmes his profession has always held first place in his life; his poetry is but the overflow of his breezy heart, the beading foam of an intellectual professional existence. Now and again it is the physician who speaks with the poet's lips. "The Living Temple" proclaims him as effective in a serious strain as in the lighter verse of his more frequent utterance. It was then, this physician, absorbed in successful practice; intolerant of quackery; engaged in expressing in a series of essays his own advanced views which were to extend the horizon of the medical profession, who was called upon to greet Charles Dickens when he was entertained in Boston in 1845. From that day Boston has rarely feasted a guest, an alien or a favorite son, that the genial doctor has not been called upon to flavor the banquet.

In 1847 the eminent Dr. Warren withdrew from the professorship of anatomy at the Harvard Medical School and Dr. Holmes was named his successor. He carried the success with him as a lecturer that he had gained in his poetry and his profession. Thoroughly equipped for his new duties by careful and extended study, and possessed of an inspiring magnetism—that trait indispensable in a teacher of young men—he has taught the sons of fathers whose own first steps were guided by his hand. Benches, aisles and platform were crowded whenever Professor Holmes was to speak. Cheers greet the dapper little man as he steps quickly to his reading-desk. His smoothly-brushed hair lies back from his broad forehead; his shaven chin is prominent, and with the broad upper lip and squarely set jaw, impresses us with strength and determination; but the lips are a little full and the eyes are never free from a twinkle. He stands perfectly erect and, as if still further to increase his height, lifts himself on tiptoe when he scores a point or emphasizes a statement. He can scarcely gesture, the desk stands so high, but as he warms to his subject he loses himself, his hands move involuntarily, his cheeks glow, his eyes flash, and his voice, shaking off its commonplace cadences, rises in musical, ringing tones which have made Holmes the most delightful speaker of our century. With the devotion of a lover he proclaims and exemplifies the dignity of the profession; with the laugh of the satirist he slashes quackery, or hurls a dart at the homœopathist; here he flashes an epigram, there a jest; but until he leaves the platform amid a tumult of applause, he has held every individual before him in a vice-like grip by the force of his enthusiasm and the strength of his personality.

It is not only as a university lecturer that Holmes has attained success, but when, in 1852, he stepped upon the lyceum platform, he proved that he possessed as clear a vision for the anatomy of literature and life. He waited, however, till the *Atlantic* was started, in 1857, before he gave evidence of his full power in general prose. When Lowell was asked to assume the editorship of the new venture he accepted on condition that his good friend, Dr. Holmes, would promise himself as a contributor. The doctor shook his head. He had hardly dabbled in prose, and at forty-eight it is rather late to start the plow in a new field. But the pressure was not to be resisted, and gathering up the loose ends of threads abruptly snapped twenty-five years before, he gave us the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and established beyond a doubt the popularity of the new periodical. The professor and the poet in turn seated themselves in the Autocrat's chair, and then in the late afternoon only a few years since, the kindly face of the "Dictator" smiled at us "Over the Teacups."

Holmes could not have selected a medium of expression more admirably adapted to his peculiar genius. He was a proverb maker, and his pithy sayings mingle most appropriately with the aroma of the morning coffee or the steam of the tea-urn. Quick in thought and impatient of delay, he suggests rather than expresses. Of versatile and mobile mind, he dashes from subject to subject; now it is some fad or folly of modern fashion that engages his attention, and now he runs into historical reminiscences; here he sets his fancy running around the rings of a fallen tree with their measure of the centuries, and there he hits upon the insignificance of human life, or with the delicate touch of personal experience handles the beauty and the sadness of old age.

In the "Breakfast Table" series Holmes had strung his thoughts on the very slightest sort of a love-story. The thread was scarcely discernible, but it served to hold the beads together. In 1861 he attempted a more elaborate plot, and gave us his first novel, "Elsie Venner,"

to be followed, six years later, by "The Guardian Angel." As "The Living Temple" in verse proclaims him the doctor, so his novels hinge upon medical problems. This alone would lend them interest, but they possess besides a realistic treatment of New England life that first struck a chord brought to its fullest resonance in the later day by Mr. Howells. As a novelist Holmes was distinctly in untroubled ways, and his work has the crudeness and the lack of full development which naturally characterize beginnings.

"Over the Teacups," already mentioned as the cap sheaf of the "Breakfast Table" series, came to us in 1890 as a last word. It bears unmistakably the mark of age;—not the weakness, not the garrulity, but the deeper philosophy, the calmer thought. The Dictator is the same altogether delightful man whom we met as the Autocrat, the Professor, and the poet; but the mirth is softened, the satire is less keen, and the thought deeper and withal more sober. There is an element of pathos, a shade of sadness in the book, as the author feels himself so far past man's allotted time. Thirty years before the Autocrat had laughingly admitted himself an old man. In his last work the laughter of anticipated age was hushed, the realization was upon him. Another quality entered now. "The melancholy of old age," he tells us, "has a divine tenderness in it which only the sad experience of life can lead a human soul." The tenderness of the Dictator supplanted the brisk humor of the Autocrat.

Not long ago Holmes wrote: "It is very grand to die in harness, but it is very pleasant to have the tight straps unbuckled and the heavy collar lifted from the neck and shoulders"; and it is in the restfulness of well-earned repose that he spends the closing years of his life. If there is pleasure in a retrospect of accomplished labor he must certainly be happy. To a full professional experience which would have gone far to satisfy, is added a literary fame, extended, if not of the highest order. He is a master in prose, and delightful in poetry, but is by no means a poet of the first rank. The triviality of his themes and his lightness of treatment compel the judgment. In "The Living Temple" and "The Chambered Nautilus" he reached the higher poetry of his graver mood; but his characteristic verse is the light *jeu d'esprit*, the diversion of a busy life, full of the vivacity of sound health, crammed with the jollity of good fellowship, the mirth of congenial conviviality, running here and there with quick and eccentric turns of fancy. It is an expression of the nature of the man, for no more delightful companion ever sipped his coffee in the morning, his tea in the afternoon, or toasted with brimming glass at dinner. In "Contentment," "A Familiar Letter," "The First Fan," and "Lines on Lending a Punch-bowl" we have the natural voice of the poet in light touches of life as it has been lived about him. In the "One Hoss Shay" and "Parson Turrell's Legacy" we have songs of a Yankee Burns. Holmes is a descendant of Puritan New England, but with the graft of mirth.

Another characteristic of the man, which finds expression in his verse, is his conservatism. He clings to old methods; he is suspicious of change. In his profession he is intolerant of new schools. It was this trait that induced comparative inaction during the Civil War. He was intensely loyal to flag and country, but was not in sympathy with the extreme abolitionists who surrounded him in Boston. It was this same trait that led him to cling to old methods and forms in his verse. The poets of his father's library were his first models, and they have remained his models. He has lost, with years, the declamatory flourish, but he clings to the pentameter, to the trite and simple mechanism, to the straightforward, classical style. Holmes is distinctly old-fashioned, and yet new-fashioned, too. His verse has been the subject of a curious revival. His long life has enabled him to watch his poetry go out of style and come in again, and to-day we see him followed by the writers of lighter verse as he himself tracked in the footprints of his predecessors.

On the 29th of August the genial poet celebrated his eighty-third birthday, surrounded by friends and admirers, who flocked from all quarters to do him honor. Many gifts came to him from far and near, and, rich in kindly congratulations, he has entered, hale and strong, upon a new year of his honored life.

GEORGE E. ELIOT.

HON. CHARLES F. PECK.

HON. CHARLES F. PECK, Commissioner of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York, was born at Nunda, Livingston County, New York, July 26th, 1845. His father, Luther C. Peck, was an eminent lawyer, who for many

years was recognized as among the most distinguished members of the Bar of western New York, and who was one of the first Whig members of Congress, having served two terms in the House of Representatives with conceded ability. But his chosen profession having greater attractions for him, he abandoned political life that he might devote the remainder of his years to the practice of law. Commissioner Peck's mother, a woman endowed with rare intellectual qualities, was a native of Washington, D. C.

At the age of sixteen the subject of this sketch was fitted for college, but in deference to the wishes of his parents, who were averse to his leaving home at so early an age, he abandoned his plans for a university education. Subsequently he entered the service of a large wholesale dry-goods importing house in Philadelphia, but, the business not being to his taste, he returned to New York and engaged in journalism, establishing, in 1867, the *Avon Springs Journal*. Here it was that he learned the printing trade, setting the type and running off the editions of his paper on a Washington hand-press. At times he was obliged to ink the roller and perform all the work entailed in the primitive methods of the average country printing office a quarter of a century ago. In 1869 he purchased the *Livingston Democrat*, published at Nunda, his old home. Through his industry in the business and editorial departments new life was infused into the publication. It was speedily established on a firm basis, and the board of supervisors designated it as the official newspaper of Livingston County for five successive years. He sold the *Democrat* in 1877, and in the spring of 1878 removed to Hornellsville, where he still resides. In 1879 he acquired an interest in the *Hornellsville Evening Tribune*, and immediately assumed the duties of editor-in-chief, which position he occupied for four years.

Mr. Peck has been prominent in Democratic politics for several years. In April, 1883, Governor Cleveland appointed him Commissioner of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, the affairs and duties of which office he has continued to administer to the satisfaction of employers and employed; having handled the labor question and presented the statistical facts concerning the industrial movement in the Empire State with intelligent fidelity and impartiality.

At the ninth national convention of the officers of Bureaus of Labor Statistics, held at Denver, Colorado, in May of the present year, Commissioner Peck was unanimously elected president of that body for the ensuing term, succeeding Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the United States Department of Labor.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHOLERA.

As most persons know, there are three kinds of cholera: *cholera morbus*, *cholera infantum*, and *Asiatic or epidemic cholera*. Some people, however, do not know the difference, as evidenced by the lady whose husband, having eaten unduly and unwisely of summer apples, was declared by her to be suffering from *cholera infantum*; simply another case of Mrs. Malaprop.

Asiatic cholera, about which the whole world has risen up in arms to fight a fierce battle against its pestilential scourges, is an endemic native of the delta of the river Ganges in India, which is situated about one hundred miles north of Calcutta. While this is true, it is also a fact that cholera has been both endemic and epidemic in India for centuries, before it became known to the English; it is said to have destroyed thirty thousand people in upper Hindostan in 1764. The great epidemic, however, broke out in August, 1817, from its confines in the Ganges delta, and then appeared in Calcutta the following month, where it raged for more than a year. It is curious to note its insidious march. From Calcutta it extended northward to Nepal, southward to Madras, Ceylon, and Malacca. In 1819, thus two years after its first appearance in India, it extended its sway to the Burmese Empire and the countries to the east; in 1820 it arrived in Bombay, destroying 150,000 persons; thence to Madagascar and the east coast of Africa, to Borneo, Celebes, China, and the Philippine Islands. In 1821 it advanced to the northwest, following the course of rivers and traveled roads to Persia, Arabia, and Asia Minor; here it seemed to stop for a time, but in 1823 it burst out again and devastated central Asia; in 1829 it appeared in southern Russia, and a year later in Moscow; in 1831 it spread over the most of central Europe, and appeared in England at Sunderland in October; in January, 1832, it was in Edinburgh, and in February in London, where, however, its ravages were small; it broke out in Paris in March, and spread rapidly over France. On June 8th, 1832, it first

appeared on this side of the Atlantic at Quebec, and on the 10th at Montreal. On June 21st it suddenly made its appearance in New York City, the intervening districts escaping its visitation. The disease then spread in various directions. Philadelphia, Albany, and Rochester, in July; to Boston, Baltimore, and Washington in August, and in October it spread to Cincinnati and New Orleans. The physicians here did not understand how to treat it, and nearly five thousand persons died of it. It also spread to Havana, where the death-list numbered 10,000. In 1848, 1849, and 1850 cholera raged in New Orleans and lingered in other parts of the country until 1854.

In 1866 the cholera again raged in New York. The first case was brought here from Havre in the immigrant ship *Atlanta* in November, 1865, and the following April another immigrant vessel, the *Virginia*, arrived from Europe with thirty-two dead persons on board who had fallen victims to the dread disease. On the 20th of the same month the steamer *England* arrived with 950 out of 1,200 passengers originally embarked, 250 having died on the way over of cholera. Ten days later the first genuine case was reported in the city, that of Mrs. Mary A. Jenkins, who lived in a shanty on Third Avenue near Ninety-third Street. She died within the next twenty-four hours. Up to July 31st, that year, 87 fatal cases were reported in New York and 112 in Brooklyn, and on that day 37 cases ended fatally. In the seven days ending August 18th, 37 more died; during the epidemic 360 deaths were reported at Blackwell's Island among the convicts there, out of 4,500 inmates; 172 on Ward's Island out of 900 inmates, and 27 died on Randall's Island. In the Kings County Penitentiary over twenty per cent. of the prisoners succumbed to the plague, which spread rapidly to Westchester County and Staten Island. The deaths reported for New York in August and September were, respectively, 756 and 259; for Brooklyn, 378 and 83 during the same months. As soon as the new board of health and its disinfecting corps got thoroughly to work, they quarantined every infected house and thus soon effected a radical check to the plague. So much for past experiences with cholera in New York, which were duplicated all over the country.

The present cholera plague comes to us from Russia. It has been present there in a fitful condition for the past two years, but it needed only the persecutions of the Jews, the driving like cattle of thousands of people, destitute and helpless, from one part of the empire to another, or, so to speak, within the pale; without the pale of civilization as well. Then came the dreadful famine, from which people died like vermin by the roadside. Is it any wonder that these barbarisms should breed Asiatic cholera in its worst form? This nation of people are accustomed to look to the Great White Czar as a friend; possibly for political reasons he may be. As an enemy of civilization in general, he should be abhorrent to every free man, for from the brutalities of his imperial household emanate famine, pestilence, and anarchy.

Few thinking persons have doubted for a moment that cholera would reach this country. Hamburg, the principal European port for the embarkation of immigrants, is the worst infected city in Europe. The state of affairs, as cabled, if true, simply defies belief. Unfortunately for this people, there is no law to peremptorily stop immigration; such a law would be a wise one under the circumstances, for, although the Hamburg-American Steamship Company have ceased all direct communication with their home port, the immigrant steamship *Moravia*, which recently arrived in port, had what the ship's doctor facetiously called "cholera," which is the first stage of true Asiatic cholera. But as twenty-two people died within the ten-days voyage over, the gentleman in question is probably the greatest liar yet lauded. Dr. Jenkins, however, is not the gullible person these ship officers imagine him to be, and he promptly ordered the vessel to the lower bay, off Hoffman Island, where crew, immigrants, cargo, and baggage have been thoroughly fumigated and disinfected. That the captain of this ship should sail from an infected port and within twenty-four hours the plague break out among his steerage passengers, and then deliberately sail on for three thousand miles and bring his plague-stricken ship into a friendly port, is one of those barbaric crimes against civilization which no law seems able to reach, and for which no recognized form of corporal punishment seems adequate.

Hardly the oldest inhabitant remembers such a sight as is now presented off the quarantine station near Fort Wadsworth. A whole fleet of European steamers, and some from Southern ports as well, awaiting the inspection of the health officers, is lying at anchor off the wooded heights of Staten Island. Of course

all ships from foreign ports are inspected, but during the prevalence of cholera extraordinary precautions are necessary. Usually it is only the steerage passengers who are critically examined; now every one, from captain down, is inspected, and must show a clean bill of health. When the steerage is examined the passengers are placed in several Indian files and passed one by one before the health officer. Each one is halted and critically examined. A small glass tube is placed in the mouth under the tongue, and thus the temperature is taken. On the least suspicious symptom the immigrant is at once isolated, taken to Hoffman Island in the lower bay, washed and scrubbed, and thoroughly fumigated and disinfected. Then the cargo, baggage, and clothing is disinfected, the sulphur and steam system being most used. Carbolic acid is another powerful agent, and the price of this has risen on the continent of Europe over one hundred per cent.

Cholera is without a doubt at our gates. But on account of that there should be no panic. The State and national authorities are acting in harmony, and, to all intents and purposes, under the order of the President directing a twenty-days' detention of all vessels from foreign ports, a national quarantine has been established at this and all other ports of the country. Now a sanitary cordon should be stretched along the great lakes and the St. Lawrence River, for it was from this quarter that the cholera invasion of 1832 reached us. As yet no efficient precautions appear to have been adopted by the Dominion Government to hold vessels from foreign ports in quarantine, but it is to be hoped that they will not much longer delay official action, especially as ships with immigrants from infected ports are known to be on the way to Montreal. A failure to adopt effective preventive measures will be altogether inexcusable.

Hoffman Island, where the cholera patients go, is about two miles south of the Narrows, and gets its name from Governor Hoffman. It is built on a sand-bar known to pilots as West Bank, and rises abruptly out of the water on a pile of rocks. The island itself, covering a few acres, is composed of sand inclosed in a crib-work, which in turn is protected by the rip-rap. About nine hundred patients can be handled there at one time. On it are the germ-proof dormitories for disinfecting, and in every direction the assertion is borne out, so often made by sea captains, that the New York quarantine is the safest in the world.

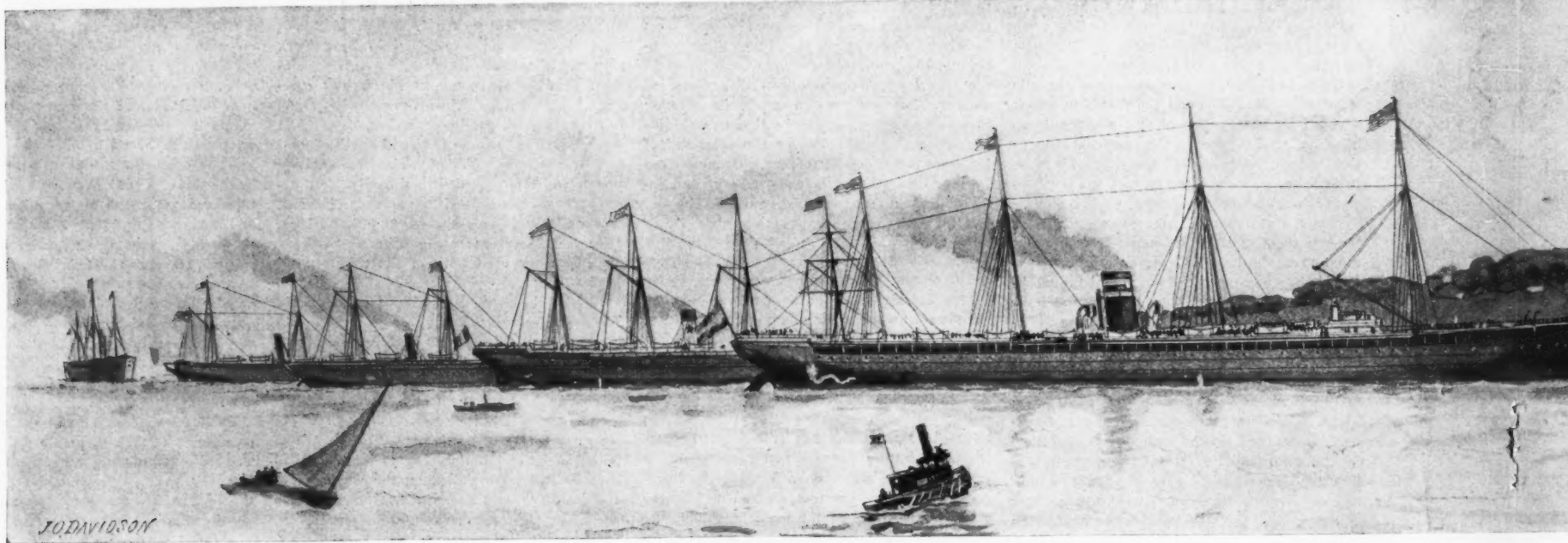
The floors of the building are made of asphalt, while the ceilings are constructed of galvanized and corrugated iron. The partitions are also built of iron, while in some portions the smaller walls are built of enameled brick. There are no mattresses in the dormitories, and the cots are the simplest kind of hammocks suspended over iron frames. Steam does everything, from disinfecting to cooking. Bath-tubs to the number of sixty-eight, made of metal, are utilized for bathing the immigrants, and, if necessary, the infected water can be disinfected before it is discharged into the bay.

The disinfecting chamber of the dormitory is on the upper floor, and is built entirely of iron. It is a room filled with frames which rest on sliding tracks. On each frame rests a wire basket for the clothes of each immigrant. All are kept separate from each other. When the clothes are put in these baskets the first thing done is to exhaust the air in the chamber. Superheated steam, which may rise to two hundred and fifty degrees, is sent under high pressure through nine thousand feet of coiled piping in the rooms, and gauges indicate the pressure in the chamber. In the engine-rooms the degree of heat in the disinfecting-room is indicated by the ringing of electric bells. So thorough is the work of disinfection that it is impossible for the attendants to re-enter the chamber for several hours after the windows have been reopened.

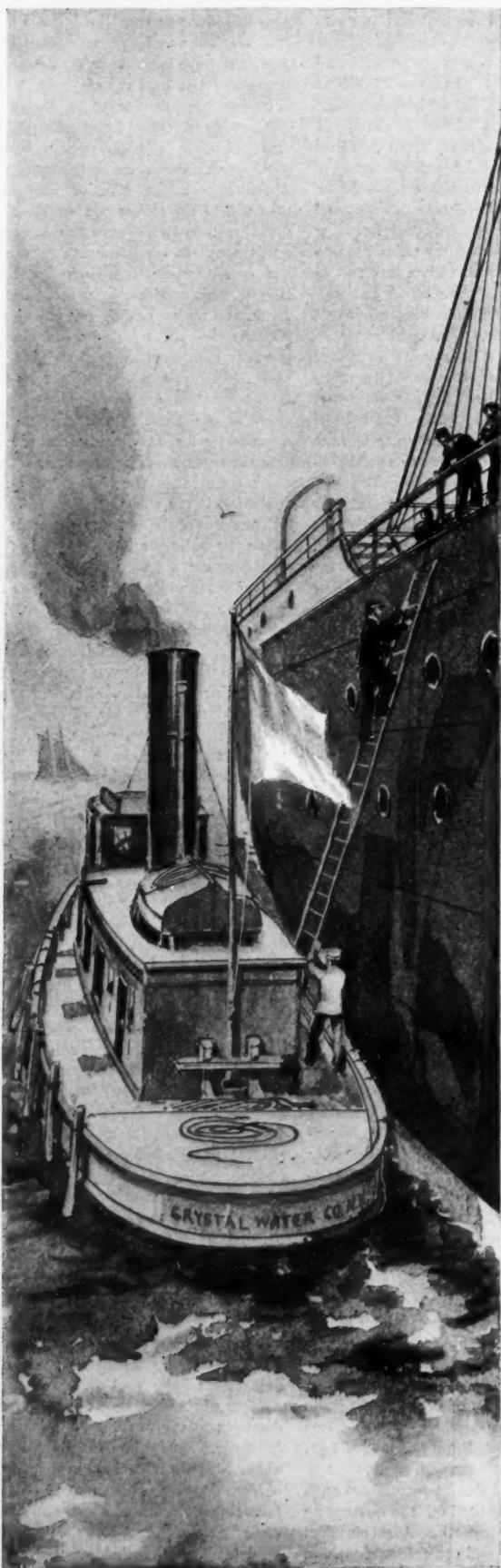
Cholera or any other epidemic must necessarily affect trade. The foreign export trade sensibly feels it, and foreign exchange is rapidly growing scarce and higher. This condition of affairs will, of course, be aggravated by the President's order imposing a twenty-days' quarantine on all incoming vessels.

Several simple things are well to be borne in mind. Lead regular lives; use plenty of soap and water; keep cool and do not get excited. *Cholera phobia* will do as much, if not more, to disseminate the dread scourge than a ship-load of mongrel immigrants in the lower bay. The authorities are fully alive to the occasion, and if cholera does break out here, the conditions are favorable for a sharp, short, and decisive battle of extermination. A popular supposition is that cholera feeds upon hot weather. This is, however, not warranted by facts, as the worst epidemic ever known in St. Petersburg raged there in midwinter.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



STEAMSHIPS FROM FOREIGN PORTS HELD AT QUARANTINE, STATEN ISLAND.

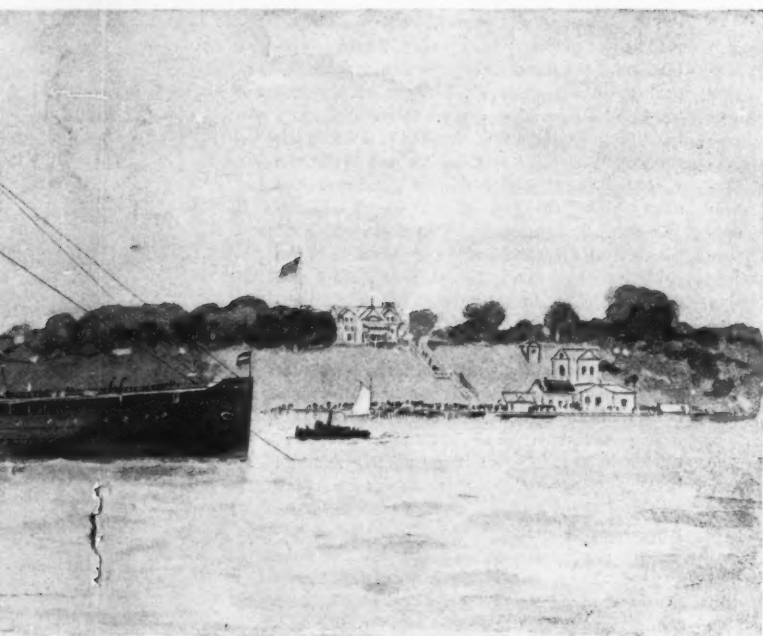


HEALTH OFFICERS BOARDING A VESSEL AT QUARANTINE.

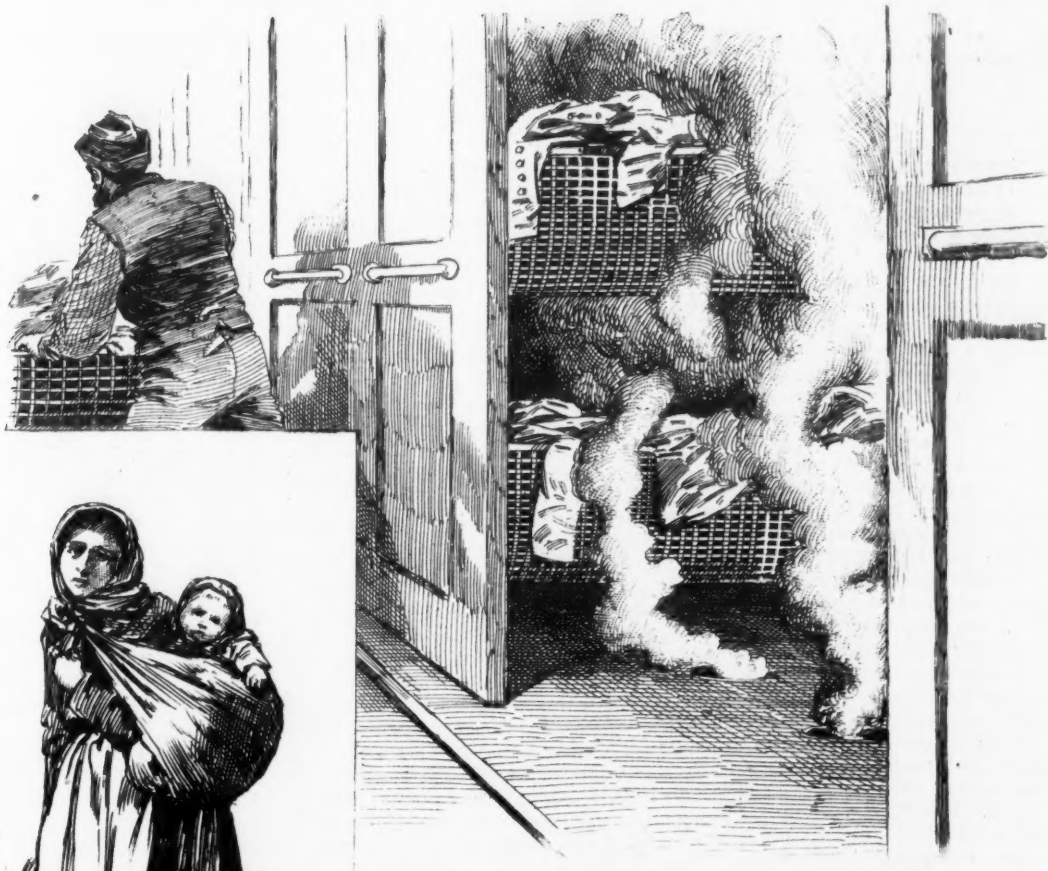


INSPECTION OF STEERAGE PASSENGER BY HEALTH OFFICERS.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA—THE METHOD OF INSPECTING PASSENGERS AND FUMIGATING BAGGAGE BY THE HEALTH OFFICERS.



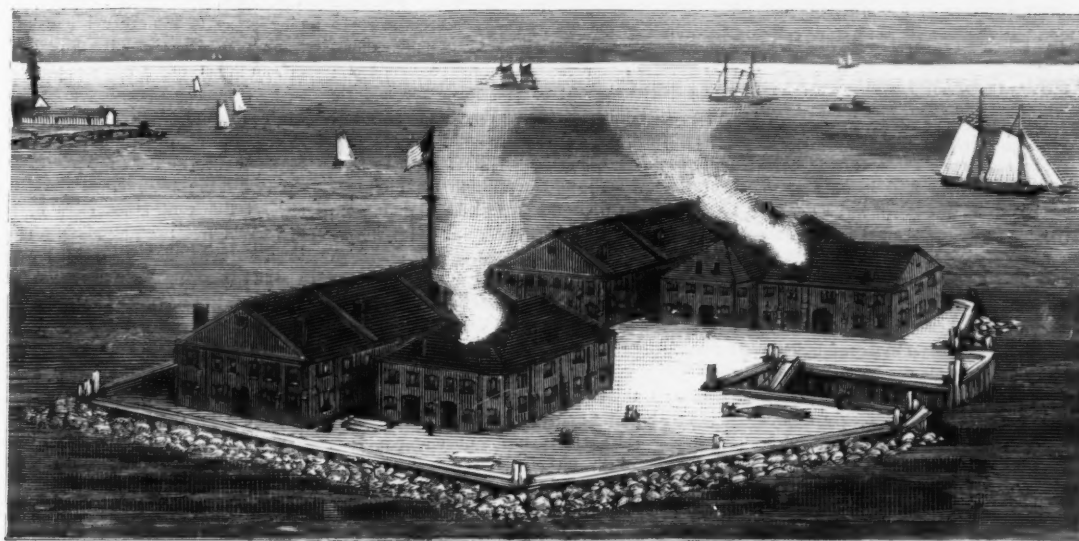
OFFICERS.



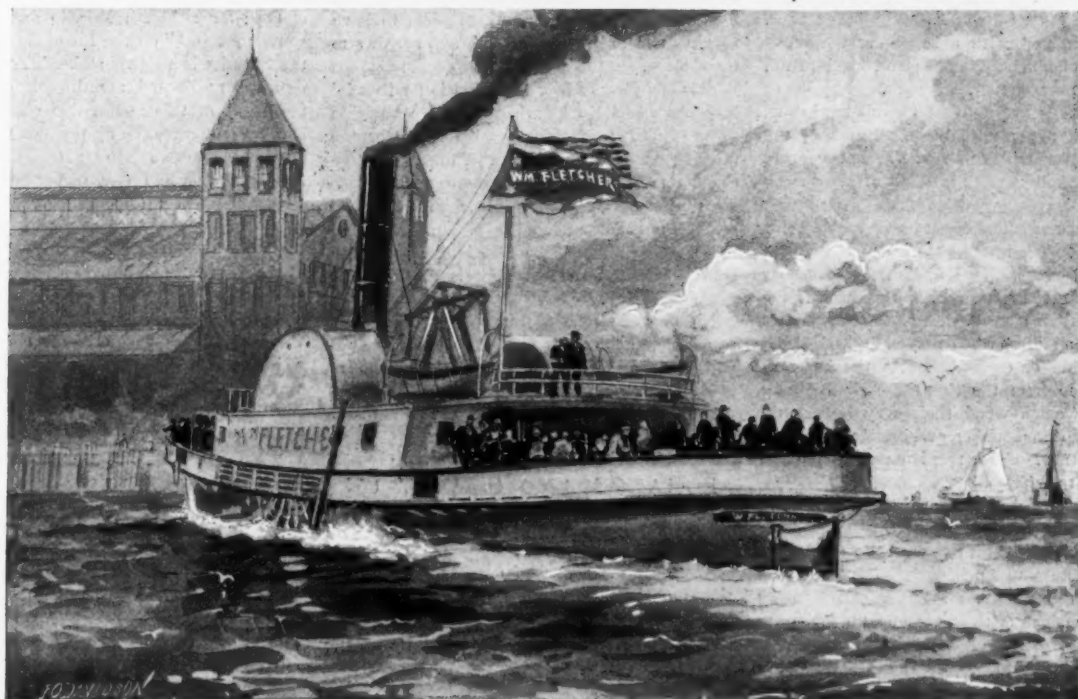
METHOD OF FUMIGATING CLOTHING ON HOFFMAN ISLAND.



CHARACTER SKETCHES.



HOFFMAN ISLAND, LOWER QUARANTINE.



TRANSFERRING RELEASED IMMIGRANTS TO ELLIS ISLAND.

BY THE HEALTH OFFICERS AT QUARANTINE.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS AND J. O. DAVIDSON FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 195.]

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.—VII.

GERMAN BREAD-WINNERS.

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GERMANY is swarming with people. The land does not yield sufficient grain to meet the home needs, and the great number of those seeking employment reduces the wages to such a degree that rivalry is lost sight of. Strikes in the agricultural regions are very rare. The men, women, and children never think of giving up a job unless turned away by the employer.

While visiting a small linen-weaving district between Breslau and Dresden your correspondent saw an old man of eighty years working at a hand loom. Ever since he had been tall enough to manage the treadles he had sat, from early morning until late at night, at this loom. The aged weaver's face was almost the color of the linen he was weaving. His feeble hands trembled like aspen leaves the moment he released the shuttle-bar; still his assiduity, prompted by want, was so great that it attracted attention.

"Why do you work so hard at your advanced age, old man?" was the question put to him.

Without stopping he replied: "I must, in order to earn enough to support my family."

"But all your children are old enough now to help themselves, are they not?"

"Yes; but my old wife cannot work in the fields any more, she is too crippled with rheumatism; and my son died, leaving me a little grandson to bring up. Therefore I cannot stop, and when I have many orders I begrudge the time spent in eating and sleeping."

This poor old man was able to weave from two and one-half to three yards of linen by working twelve hours daily. After deducting the money paid for the thread, his taxes and insurances, he does not have more than fifteen cents for this long, incessant, and weary labor. He worked in a small, uncarpeted room. His worldly possessions consisted of three wooden chairs, a table, a bed, and the loom—the latter occupying three-fifths of the apartment which composed his entire dwelling.

Would American spinners and weavers, who ever they may be, consent to work twelve hours per diem for fifteen cents?—or to live on coarse rye bread, potatoes, cabbage-leaves, and slop soup, marking Sunday as a feast day by adding a little piece of salt pork or sausage to the menu?

AGRICULTURAL LABORERS.

The weavers and spinners in European countries are not the only ones whose life is hard and burdensome, and who find it difficult to support themselves. Few endure more sufferings or receive lower wages than the men and women who are obliged to hire out as farm hands during the whole year. This class of labor, that requires little or no skill, is the most poorly paid of all.

As soon as the first gray streak of light in the eastern sky tells of the coming day these creatures arise from their beds (or, rather, what passes as such—at the best it is only a jute bag filled with straw, brush, or pine-needles, that has been thrown down on the floor in an attic or over the stable, where the rain, snow, and wind easily find their way through the cracks and chinks in the boards), and start out, bare-headed, bare-footed, and scantily clothed, for daily tasks. After laboring three hours they breakfast on coffee (i.e., burnt beans, peas, roots, etc., mixed with a small—very small—proportion of chickory) and coarse, black bread, without butter, grease, or milk. Fifteen or twenty minutes are allowed for this meal, then off to work again until noon, when they are called to "dinner." This is the heartiest repast of the day, and usually consists of soup made of cabbage-leaves or potatoes, and black bread. In the season of cucumbers this vegetable holds a prominent place in the poor man's bill-of-fare, because it serves as food and drink. An hour is generally given at this time; then back to the fields until four o'clock. Then they rest again for twenty minutes, when they eat a little bread with an onion or cucumber. As the last rays of light fade from the sky, these tired, weary men and women wend their way homeward. A light soup, a cucumber, and bread await them on their return. After this is eaten they climb the ladder to their pallets.

This is a phase of peasant life that calls forth few comments in Germany. It is taken as a matter of course. Is it any wonder that the desire to emigrate to America is so intense? Is it strange that the great ambition of the young men and women is to amass enough money to leave their fatherland? When their manner of life is fully understood, does it not seem singular that more do not go to America—to a land where LABOR IS PROTECTED, and where they can live, not as slaves, but as freemen?

MATCH-MAKERS.

Up in the Thuringian Mountains, far away from towns and villages, off of the route of tourists and travelers, some of the worst forms of suffering are seen. In an article written by a German authority on the labor question the author bemoans their condition and graphically depicts the wretchedness of their position. Although they are surrounded by forests, still they suffer from cold. The proprietors of these woods keep them for hunting and lumber; the people can have the privilege of picking up the brush and twigs by paying for this right either weekly, monthly, or annually, the size and quantity being regulated by the amount paid. The chief occupation of these peasants is wood-carving, forestry, and match-making.

The match-makers earn the lowest wages of any in these regions; the wood is sawn into logs one metre long at the mill, and is carried home on the father's back (for they are too poor to own even a goat). It is then divided into smaller blocks, and subdivided into match sticks. No member of the family over two years of age but is engaged in this business. Little children scarcely able to sit up are tied in wooden chairs by the side of a board or table and taught to dip the little sticks into the phosphorus. The faces, hands, and clothes are all besmeared with the chemicals. Upon entering one of these dwellings, that was only dimly lighted by a small window, the inmates all seemed covered with fire; the room looked like a bit of the infernal regions, and the inmates resembled so many blazing demons; they had made matches for so many months that the walls and they themselves were covered with phosphorus.

The unwholesomeness of this trade can easily be imagined. The death-rate among children is almost without a parallel; two children out of ten or twelve born are a fair average of those that survive the ordeals of their first five years of life. Lack of nourishment and fresh air, shut out from all that is good and healthy, and ever breathing this poisoned air, these creatures are simply living a continual death. Some are fortunate enough to own a few square yards of land; this takes them out of the house for a little while daily during the spring and summer, otherwise the death-rate would be higher. Quite close to this side of the mountain is a health resort renowned in Europe for its pure, sweet air; yet there are hosts of the inhabitants who are dying for this God-given and free blessing. Life loses its charm, the bloom of youth never is seen upon their cheeks; the eyes are lustreless and dim; the face becomes fixed and expressionless; the skin sallow, the form stooping and listless. The children are so tired when they quit work that they rarely play, preferring to stretch their weary, cramped limbs on the pine-branch pallet and forget, in sleep, that they are in a world of so much anguish and misery. The morrow brings the same routine; even the Sabbath cannot be a "day of rest and gladness" always, but must be spent in earning pennings to buy enough black bread and cabbage to partially satisfy their hunger. So they toil on, seldom complaining; the silence and stillness of the forests that surround them seem to have taught them to keep their griefs and sorrows to themselves.

This is a view of how the "Battle for Bread" is being waged in Thuringia. The trouble is there is not enough remunerative labor for the inhabitants, or in other words, the supply exceeds the demand. These creatures have two ideas prominently fixed in their minds, viz., to satisfy the pangs and aches of hunger, and to protect themselves from the long and severe cold; to do this only partially is all they can ever hope to do.

No one can refrain from pitying the poor, miserable, and unhappy people who fight starvation so manfully and without murmuring, but is it either patriotic or humane to seek or endeavor to produce the same state of affairs in the United States?

ROMANCE AND COMEDY ON THE TURF.

THE FUTURITY STAKES OF 1892.

THE FUTURITY, as it is familiarly called, is the richest stake raced for by two-year-olds in the world. This Futurity closed with six hundred and thirty-two entries. Among these was the mare Corise, which Colonel Charles Hardy purchased at the great Rancocas sale for \$475. Previous to this she had been bred to Wilful and Kingbolt, the progeny being always inferior

in quality. After Colonel Hardy purchased her he determined to breed her to Major Hancock's celebrated horse Eolus, the sire of Eurus, Elkwood, Eole, St. Savior, Eolian, Russell, and a host of other well-known race horses. But as Colonel Hardy could not afford to breed Corise on a cash basis—that is, \$250 for Eolus's services—he therefore arranged with Major Hancock to breed the mare on shares. The result of this mating was the bay colt, now celebrated the racing world over as Morello, the Futurity winner of 1892. When this yearling was led into the sale paddocks at the Brooklyn race track May 17th, 1891, all the "horse sharps" present viewed him as unsound, impossible to train, etc.; declared he had blood spavins and so forth, and refused to make a bid. The boy was just about to lead him out of the ring when Mr. Bernard Doswell, of Virginia, bid one hundred dollars, and amid the derisive laughter of the horsemen present Colonel Bruce "knocked him down" to the courageous Virginian. With this event the romance in Morello's career begins.

When he was first tried as a yearling in Virginia he did not make a very good showing, but after a few weeks' rest he was taken up again and did a half mile in fifty-one seconds over a very slow track. This, of course, greatly encouraged Mr. Doswell, who continued working the colt, and then in the spring took Hiram and Morello to the Benning race-track near Washington, and offered both colts for sale. The price on Morello was \$2,500. Mr. Doswell then started him in a race, which he won easily. Then he won another race in just such hollow style, and Mr. Doswell's price took a bull turn. "Never mind his hocks," he said, and so the price crept up and up, \$500 at a clip, until Frank Van Ness, a trotting-horse trainer, who races on a small scale, stepped in and bought him for \$4,500 cash, and \$500 out of the first purse he should win.

Although Morello was paid for by the cheques of William M. Singler, Esq., of Philadelphia, proprietor of the *Record*, president of the Chestnut Street National Bank (of which Governor Pattison was the first president), and generally one of the Quaker City's solid men, the horse was originally registered as the sole property of Van Ness, because Mr. Singler has been running some of his other horses at Gloucester, a track "outlawed" by the Board of Control.

Van Ness owns among other horses a fair sort of horse called India Rubber, by Dalmacardoch out of Elastic, and it was the amusingly give and stretch sort of way India Rubber performed at Morris Park in the spring that brought about all the trouble. India Rubber started several times at short odds in poor company and could not raise a gallop. Then he started in a very good field at long odds and fairly walked home. This was too much for the nerves of the Board of Control, so they forthwith held a meeting and relegated Van Ness and all his horses, and among them Morello, to the "demonition bow-wow," by taking away his license as a trainer.

Van Ness then took his horses to Brighton Beach, where Morello won easily all the races he started in, while India Rubber continued his elastic capers. Every one knew Morello was in the Futurity, and of course all his races were eagerly watched, and the general impression soon got abroad that the horse which beat him home in the great stake would win all the money; for although Morello and his owners were "outlaws" on the Board of Control tracks, the Futurity is a closed stake, i.e., one where the dam was nominated, not the colt, and therefore the result of this nomination could not, under any circumstances, be disqualified from running. To add to the difficulties surrounding his starting, his trainer and part owner could not apply for stable-room at Sheephead, as he had no rights as a trainer on that track. Shrewdly he therefore confided his equine pet to James McLaughlin, the well-known jockey. Together they prepared the colt for the great event. As if heaping Pelion upon Ossa, a few days before the race Morello was seized with a light form of influenza—in fact, on the day of the race he was a very sick colt, and ran freely at the nose, like a man with a bad cold in his head. The stake, however, was too great not to start for, and Morello went to the post. The result is a matter of turf history.

But while these things were being overcome, other troubles and more serious, were brewing. Several years ago Van Ness bought a chronometer watch of one Alexander Newberger and had always forgotten to pay for it. And although Mr. Newberger could have collected the price of it, \$225, out of Morello's winnings at Brighton, he allowed the judgment to lie dormant, and never served it until an hour or so before the Futurity was to come off; so, until friends could be found with the cash, Morello became

the property of the sheriff. The watch bill paid, the Singler-Van Ness-McLaughlin combination threw up their hats and said "it is all over but the shouting." Not yet. Those refined and esteemed citizens, Gideon and Daly, have first call upon the services of Fitzpatrick the jockey, and as "Fitz" could not make the weight for any starter they might have, they gave "Fitz" permission to ride the colt in the Futurity. Fitzpatrick had ridden Morello in all his races at Brighton, and no doubt much of the colt's success is due to his jockey's skillful and careful handling in his races. "Fitz" had reduced to ride at the weight, and to a man of his age and temperament this means torture. But at the last moment Gideon and Daly, with that fine sense of honor which is such a distinguishing trait in their characters, withdrew their permission to Fitzpatrick to ride, and on the eve of the battle Morello was without a jockey, and all because Gideon and Daly were to start a selling plater of their own, which Simms rode at 100 pounds. Not to be robbed of their prize, McLaughlin scurried about and induced Hayward to accept the mount, and a right solid, common-sense race the veteran rode. By this meanness "Fitz" missed earning \$7,500 in a few moments. Of course any racing man has a right to refuse the services of a jockey in his pay to any horse which may be a contending factor in a race against one of his own horses, but a man's word should be his bond, and not "straw bail." Well, the Annie F. colt, Gideon and Daly's starter, was a bad fourth, and whatever money this precious combination bet on him or any other horse in the race was burnt up.

So much for the romance of this great race. The comedy was there and galore. There never were so many "moon-eyed" "tips" out on a great race as upon this one. The opera bouffe stable of Brewer Ehret furnished a large part of the diversion in Lidgerwood and Sir Francis; no one remembers just where they were all through the race. Then there were Uncle Jim and Uncle Jess and Plutus and Lovehace, all of which seemed to have ardent admirers willing to stake their good money upon their chances; none of these were ever prominent in any part of the contest. San Domingo cost Jacob Rupert \$30,000 at the Belmont sale and finished absolutely last, one hundred yards behind the winner; Governor Foraker of Charles Fleischmann's stable cost \$5,100 at the same sale and was lost in the shuffle from the start; Lady Violet cost "Augie" Belmont \$11,000 at the sale of his father's stud, and Mr. James R. Keene paid \$10,000 for the Belladonna colt upon the same occasion. Was there ever a greater comedy of errors in the purchase of yearlings than this? At least \$150,000 worth of horses finished behind Morello, whose original cash value was \$100!

H. P. M.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

AMONG the questions which at the close of the late war presented themselves to the people of the South, was one which affected not only the South itself, but which concerned, in a real sense, the entire country. It was, how, with its depleted treasuries and decreased advantages for instruction, was the South to provide for the education of increased numbers of the higher class of students? I shall, in this short review, show the advance which has been made in this matter in South Carolina and Virginia. I take these two States for the reason that they have always been the recognized centres of education in the South.

The census report of education for 1860 gives Virginia, with a population of 1,047,411, a total of 23 colleges and 398 academies, employing 903 teachers and educating 16,028 students, at a cost of \$788,181. According to the same authority, South Carolina had, with a population of 291,388, a total of 14 colleges, 228 academies, employing 457 teachers and educating 9,611 students, at a cost of \$485,919. The people of Carolina and Virginia have given evidence to the world in these expenditures, of their sympathy with superior culture. Yet there was a class which could not obtain the advantages the times offered. There were no public schools, and the education of the common people was painfully remiss. During the first few years after the war progress in education was necessarily slow. But from 1876 to 1889 the great success attained in answering that important question of how the masses were to be educated affords gratifying evidence of the energy, perseverance, and intelligence of the people. Studying this period, we see an increase in enrollment of white pupils of seventy-five per cent., while the increase in population was thirty per cent.; the increase in enrollment of colored pupils, on the other hand, was 113 per cent., with a corresponding increase in population of less than twenty-five per cent. The amount expended in 1876 was \$11,000,000.

against \$23,000,000 in 1888. By liberal and munificent gifts from the North, the South has been enabled to almost entirely answer the great question of the time. The education of the negro has become an important and grave issue in the South. Whatever may be said to the contrary, facts and figures show that they are not self-sustaining from an educational standpoint. Not only is that a cause of deep consideration, but their shiftless and indolent nature renders it a matter of great difficulty to get them to attend school. To this cause may be attributed the fact that, by the census of 1880, but two-thirds of the people of the South could write their names. It is no wonder that the per centum of illiteracy is so great, when the great number of colored people in this section, in some cases numbering two to one of the whites, is considered.

The last decade has marked a wonderful progress in the South, both among the whites and blacks. Kentucky, the last Southern State to remove all race distinctions in educational matters, did so in 1880, and, while a negro cannot attend a school where white children are found, the blacks have schools set apart from which the whites are excluded. Nor has the South so dealt with the primary education of the masses alone; it has taken its place by the side of other sections of the Union in higher education. At the University of Virginia the wonderful progress made in scientific and all mathematical studies, shows that its professors are men of the times, and have by their attainments and learning placed their institution abreast of the other great universities of America. Here the elective system has taken a firm hold and has worked to the advancement of the university both locally and abroad, drawing its forces from the neighborhood of many less favored institutions where the advantages of the system are not recognized. The rapid spread of that system of which Thomas Jefferson was the founder throughout the North, and its never-failing success, argues well, and has been the means of recommending it to more than four-fifths of the Southern colleges and universities which now operate under its advantages. The College of Charleston, South Carolina, is probably the most opposed to the elective system. Through all the vicissitudes of war and peace this college has maintained its position as one of the leading classical institutions of the country.

Immediately after the war, when the standards of the colleges were lowered, this college alone maintained its high standard of matriculation examination, even to the detriment of its numbers. It has never lowered its standard, but has steadily raised it, until now the examination through which a matriculant passes equals in its exactness that of Harvard or Yale. The renowned and scholarly Dr. Henry E. Shepherd is president of the College of Charleston, and has by his untiring efforts, perseverance, and great attainments made the course of English literature and belles-lettres unrivaled by any college in America. When asked by the writer if his college would ultimately adopt the elective system, Dr. Shepherd said: "I regard it as very good in institutions where the young men have attained an age sufficient to allow them to judge knowingly what is best for their future. My determination is to raise our standard, and not to subordinate scholarship to numbers. I favor an elective system in the senior year."

Literature is receiving considerable study throughout the South. The leading English masters, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Tennyson and others, are critically read. Deep and systematic study is given to Anglo-Saxon, and in the University of Virginia and College of Charleston extracts from Chaucer are studied with close attention to etymology and orthography. In the College of Charleston the study of English literature is based on collateral reading. Special attention is also given to the study of political economy throughout the South. Greek and Latin are in many colleges compulsory.

To sum up briefly what has been said: Education in the South has passed through two eras since 1860—the era of decline, during and immediately following the war, and the era of progress, from 1876 to the present day. These two periods have seen education almost dismantled, from 1861 to 1876, incident to the impoverished condition of the people, and have seen it rise with the South, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes of carnage and destitution, to a position of enviable distinction among a people as learned as the world produces. The period containing these two eras has marked an increase in the enrollment of pupils at the public schools of nearly two hundred per cent, from 1876 to 1889, of which one hundred and twenty-three per cent were non-sustaining negroes. The yearly expenditures have increased from

\$11,000,000 in 1876 to \$23,000,000 in 1888. The last vestige of race distinction in educational matters went out of existence in 1880, with the prohibitory law in Kentucky. In a few instances the negroes have surpassed by their attainments the most sanguine hopes of their friends. Classical, literary, and scientific courses have taken firm hold, and the collegiate year just closed has seen the elective system invade the ranks of some of its most pronounced enemies. Among these are the trustees of the College of Charleston (S. C.), who have a petition before them for the establishment of a partial elective system in the last year of the course. In short, the South is demonstrating its appreciation of the fact that in our age the duty of providing means of universal education is a supreme duty of the State.

FLEETWOOD GRUYER.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE London Strand has been peopled during the hot season by the more successful of those who walk the New York Rialto when the theatres are in competition. Actors as well as managers now go abroad regularly, although generally their objects are not the same. The manager goes after goods for his shop; the actor to amuse himself and to emphasize to his less fortunate fellows that he has been successful. But they are all back again, and the city theatres are the scenes of novelties and revivals. The companies that seek fortune in travel will be fewer than last season, because of the distractions of a political campaign; but the metropolitan stage will be as lively as ever.

The Casino opera, "The Vice-Admiral," which for a time had the field to itself, and which is to be turned into a concert hall, has been running in competition with Dixey and D'Arville in a revival at Palmer's of "The Mascot" and "Patience." Dixey seems to have gained new vogue. But the growing popularity of the roof-garden shows—which are a mixture of the London concert-halls and the Paris *caf  chantants*—and the success of the beach and palisade displays, would indicate that the New-Yorker in summer will hereafter, for a time at least, take his pleasure of this sort *  la belle  toile* in the city, or seek the *al fresco* entertainments that make the neighboring heights and suburban shores spectacular and pyrotechnically brilliant. The ancients of Jerusalem and other places loved the roofs and fields, but they missed much in their day that the moderns enjoy.

Two interesting events of the coming season will be a production of "The Merchant of Venice" and a play from Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," by Richard Mansfield. The latter will be seen at Daly's Theatre. It seems strange that this actor, the most studious, brainy, enterprising, and patriotic of the younger generation, is still compelled to fight every inch of his way in New York, and that he almost invariably plays here to a loss, while elsewhere he makes money, and is recognized as the most earnest of young American actors in purpose and the most versatile in temperament. His production of "Richard III.," perhaps the most artistic stage spectacle of its kind in these times, cost him \$165,000 more than his receipts. He stands almost alone for artistic seriousness and originality of effort.

James O'Neill, the romantic actor who made a fortune from "Monte Cristo" after its general abandonment, will undertake a new romantic play called "Fontenelle; or, the Duke's Messenger," by Harrison Grey Fiske and Minnie Madden Fiske, for which the most elaborate scenic effects have been prepared. The play is of the period of Louis XV., and introduces several historical characters, including Madame Pompadour.

Charles Frohman's comedians opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre August 8th, in an adaptation of a play by Bisson, called in English form "Settled Out of Court." The adaptation is by Gillette, and the play is farcical, like "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," which passed through the same hands. DeWolf Hopper reappears in "Wang" at the Broadway Theatre, and E. H. Sothern is filling his annual engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, having revived "Lettarblair." A spectacular drama entitled "The White Squadron," has been successfully launched at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Charles R. Gardner, a commonplace German comedian, has been seen in a play called "Fatherland," at the Union Square, where the extrinsic aid of local singing societies and a dozen babies of nursery age were summoned to the stage. Robert Mantell, a picturesque and growing romantic player, has begun a season at Proctor's in "The Face in the Moonlight," a crude play of a past age quite beneath his capability. McKee Rankin has ventured with ill success at the Union Square

in a dramatization of Opie Ried's novel of "The Kentucky Colonel," a stage piece that lacks symmetry, strength, and dignity even in its restricted atmosphere, where the opportunity for definite delineation and action would seem to be simple and within grasp. "The Private Secretary" has been revived at the Standard Theatre for a short term, while later, at this house, Marie Tempest will be seen in a new opera called "The Fencing Master." Pauline Hall is promised at the Fifth Avenue in September in the new opera of New England witchcraft days, "Puritania"; and as the days go "Jane" will be seen again at the Standard; "The Black Crook" has been put on at the Academy of Music with unprecedented scenic elaborateness, and promises an indefinite popularity; John Drew will make his appearance under Frohman at Palmer's in "The Masque Ball," to be followed at this house by Bronson Howard's new play of "Aristocracy"; the new Manhattan Opera House will open with Mrs. Bernard Beere and a London company; the Garden Theatre will be occupied by Lillian Russell's company in the opera of "The Mountebank," which Manager French says will be a revelation in its staging, and thenceforward "the passing show." JAMES ALBERT.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII.

It is now about one hundred and fifty years since the pickaxe of the archaeologist struck its first blow among the ruins of Pompeii. Since that time somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand volumes, pamphlets, and reviews of all sorts have been published on the subject of the buried city, and yet the words of Mr. Gaston Bossier are still true: "Although much has been said on the subject of Pompeii, there is still much to be told." After several months of profitless search, a new house has been recently uncovered, in a style of architecture noticeably different from all previous discoveries. So far the portions restored are the *peristilium*, the *atrium*, the rooms on either side, and, back of the *peristilium*, a bath, the kitchen and offices. The main entrance is still to be found. It is supposed to be situated at a distance of several yards, in the street named for the god Mercury. We give a view of the *peristilium* with its columns, round for half their height and then octagonal; also a view of the wooden door separating the *atrium* from the *peristilium*. It was found necessary to strengthen this door with plaster to insure its preservation. The mosaic pavement of this new house is very beautiful. The various apartments are decorated in fresco, but these are in generally bad condition, with the exception of one which represents Hercules and groups of pigmies.

It is not only in architecture, however, that this new house is different from all others previously discovered—and they have been many in number. These variations are to be accounted for from the following point of view. It must be remembered that Pompeii presents this interesting peculiarity, that all the styles, all the reminiscences of Egypt, of Greece, and of the Orient figure in its construction and artistic decoration. Pompeii, a city without industry and without commerce, was a place of retirement and relaxation, where, from time to time, the rich merchants of Italy, during the course of their affairs, or finally with fortune assured, sought relief from the vexations of a residence in Rome. There they indulged tastes and fancies woven of the many memories of their varied and somewhat cosmopolitan existence, and it is this which explains the character, frequently very original, of much that to us remains.

Finally, after a long period without so inter-

esting an event, two bodies have been uncovered in another part of Pompeii, that of a man and that of a woman, side by side. We give an illustration. But for a certain contraction of the limbs of the man, these two bodies present, it is said, an aspect of most peaceful slumber. The state of comparative preservation in which they have remained is accounted for by the enormous coverlet of cinders in which they have been enwrapped during the passing centuries, and which has effectually isolated them from the external air. These bodies appear, in a way, to be petrified. It is thus that many others were recovered in the early time of research, all affecting attitudes which would indicate that the catastrophe had surprised them while in the full activity of their ordinary existence. These bodies are placed in a special museum.



E. N. O., Hampton, Ia.—Is ardent in temperament, fond of talking, and inclined to diplomacy; would rather arrive at a fact in a roundabout way than travel direct. He is variable, has energy, is fairly careful of small matters, knows what he wants, but lacks somewhat the necessary force of will and perseverance to attain his desires, therefore his ambitions sometimes fail. He is affectionate but not effusive, is a little impulsive, but in the long run deliberate and self-appreciative.

Catharine, Ovid, Mich.—Is neat and refined. She is generous and cheerful, means well and does well. She believes in her own theories and opinions, has, undeveloped, a talent for managing and also for systematic work. Self-esteem is visible, also candor, sincere, frank affections, and the evidences of a good education.

Senorita Youth, Pittsburg.—You are decidedly vivacious, quick-witted, and clever. Thoroughly feminine in temperament, you are refined and dainty, possess rapid intuitions and good judgment; but you are positive, tenacious, somewhat obstinate, and wholly difficult to direct. Beware of too strong a will; it may overbalance your finer qualities, and, combined with your natural quickness, teach you to wield too sharp a tongue. Your sense of justice is admirable. Lend your ear to its promptings; a pliant rod is more graceful than a stiff and unbending stick, and possesses often greater strength. You can be pliant but lean to rigidity. Teach yourself to bend so you may never need to break. That is the secret of your future. A woman with a will which is too intense is a mistake; she should be diplomatic and accommodating if she hopes to lead a happy life, be it on a matrimonial sea or upon more lonely waters.

M. M. S., Waco, Texas.—Is tasteful, neat, refined, and very capable in many lines. She is adaptable, is sincere, is affectionate, is clever. In matters of taste her judgment is excellent and the results pleasing. Her personality is agreeable, she has a bit of sentiment, is firm but not aggressive, is observing, sympathetic, companionable, and only possessed of so much vanity as strengthens self-respect and aims at worthy ambitions.

Doubtful, Indiana.—Is ambitious and capable. She has a touch of originality, ease of expression, a ready mind, and some imagination. She is good-tempered, very observing, is deft at any work she may undertake, and is cheerful, adaptable and contented in disposition. Will be firm and persevering, and some tenacity is exhibited. Work and play go well together when play is the junior partner. By all means combine them, but taste and capacity give work the leading place. I would suggest trying literary work, of whatever form taste may suggest. Many things are possible to a graceful, capable mind.

Junius, St. Joe, Mo.—Is intelligent, logical, quick to reach conclusions, has imagination, and is a bit impulsive. He is liberal in his tastes and customs, is good-tempered, energetic, cannot confine himself to worn and beaten tracks, is somewhat variable and versatile in his capacities, and enjoys dabbling in many things and pursuing new topics. He is decided, ardent in temperament, generous, ambitious and progressive. His affections are expansive, and he would easily be influenced by one about whom they centred, and who pleased his ideas and gratified his senses.

WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give \$200 to the subscriber who first predicts the closest to the actual PLURALITY OF THE POPULAR VOTE of either of the two leading candidates for the Presidency. The prediction must be written on the following blank cut from the WEEKLY and addressed to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

None but subscribers allowed to contest. Only one prediction allowed to each subscriber. If you are not already a subscriber inclose \$1.00 for the paper for three months or 50 cents for five weeks when sending the blank. If you are a subscriber please so state on the blank.

I predict that _____ will have _____ plurality of the popular vote in the election for President.

Name _____

Street _____

Date _____ Post-Office _____



WALTER WYMAN, SUPERVISING SURGEON-GENERAL
UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

WALTER WYMAN, A. M., U. S.

SUPERVISING SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES MARINE
HOSPITAL SERVICE.

WHEN President Harrison determined to minimize the danger of cholera by subjecting all immigrant vessels to twenty days' detention at quarantine, the order to that effect was signed by Walter Wyman, Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service. This service is a bureau of the Treasury Department, and has grown from very small beginnings to what is now one of the largest and most efficient hospital services in the world. Dr. Wyman, the present head of the service, is a native of St. Louis, Missouri, son of Edward Wyman, widely known as an educator. Dr. Wyman was gradu-



HON. CHARLES F. PECK, NEW YORK LABOR COMMISSIONER, WHOSE
RECENT REPORT IS THE LEADING INCIDENT OF THE
PRESENT NATIONAL CAMPAIGN.—[SEE PAGE 195.]

ated from Amherst College in 1870, and from St. Louis Medical College in 1873. He served in the hospitals of that city for two years, and was engaged in private practice when, in 1876, he was appointed assistant surgeon in the Marine Hospital Service. He has since had charge of the hospital service at St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and New York. In 1881 he was surgeon on the United States revenue cutter *S. P. Chase*, the cadet ship, on her annual cruise to Spain and the Azores. In November, 1882, he inspected the crews of the life-saving stations along the New Jersey coast. After being in charge of the service at New York for three and a half years, he was, in December, 1888, ordered to Washington as medical purveyor and chief of the quarantine division. Later he was relieved of the duties of purveying officer, and took entire charge of the national quarantine service and of the publication of the *Weekly Abstract of Sanitary*

Reports. In the fall and winter of 1890 he made an inspection of the quarantine stations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from the Delaware Breakwater to New Orleans, and visited Havana to familiarize himself with the local conditions of this perennial menace to the health of the United States. On the retirement, in 1891, of Dr. John B. Hamilton, then at the head of the service, to accept a professorship in Rush Medical College at Chicago, Dr. Wyman was made supervising surgeon-general. Dr. Wyman is an active member of the American Public Health and American Medical associations, and was secretary of the section of public and international hygiene in the international medical congress held in Washington in 1887.

Dr. Wyman is a voluminous writer on medical subjects. Among his published papers relating to the public health is an exhaustive article on quarantine in Rohe's "Text-book of Hygiene." Others are, "Hospital Records with Description of a New System," "Hospital Management," "River Exposure and Its Effects upon the Lungs," "Hygiene of Steamboats on Western Rivers," "Hardships of the Chesapeake Bay Oysterman," "System of Sewage Disposal in Berlin," "Treatment of Cholera by Paris Physicians in 1884," "Government Aids to Public Health."

THE PRESIDENT'S ACCEPTANCE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S letter of acceptance fully justifies the expectations of his friends. It is a broad and statesmanlike statement of the issues of the present canvass, and a clear-cut review of the work of the present administration. The President emphasizes the suggestion made by him in his last annual message, looking to the appointment of a commission, non-partisan in its character, for the consideration of the evils connected with our election system and methods. He feels that it is of the highest importance that our legislation on this subject should be readjusted upon absolutely fair, non-partisan lines. He refers to the Alabama election as illustrating the evils of the suppression system, and says: "There is no security for the personal or political rights of any man in a community where any other man is deprived of his personal or political rights. The power of the States over the question of the qualification of electors is ample to protect them against the dangers of an ignorant or depraved suffrage, and the demand that every man found to be qualified under the law shall be made secure in the right to cast a free ballot and to have that ballot honestly counted cannot be abated. Our old Republican battle-cry, 'A free ballot and a fair count,' comes back to us, not only from Alabama, but from other States, and from men who, differing with us widely in opinions, have come to see that parties and political debate are but a mockery if, when the debate is ended, the judgment of honest majorities is to be reversed by ballot-box frauds and tally-sheet manipulations in the interest of the party or party faction in power."

"These new political movements in the States and the recent decisions of some of the State courts against unfair apportionment laws encourage the hope that the arbitrary and partisan election laws and practices which have prevailed may be corrected by the States, the laws made equal and non-partisan, and the elections free and honest. The Republican party would rejoice at such a solution, as a healthy and patriotic local sentiment is the best assurance of free and honest elections. I shall again urge upon Congress that provision be made for the



WILLIAM T. JENKINS, THE EFFICIENT HEALTH
OFFICER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

appointment of a non-partisan commission to consider the subject of apportionments and elections in their relation to the choice of Federal officers."

No right-minded citizen will object to the sentiments here advanced, and it is difficult to see why good men of all parties should not unite in supporting his suggestion for a commission charged to consider this whole general subject.

The President concludes his letter with a review of party policies as follows: "A change in the personnel of a national administration is of comparatively little moment. If those exercising public functions are able, honest, diligent and faithful, others possessing all these qualities may be found to take their places. But changes in the laws and in administrative policies are of great moment. When public affairs have been given a direction, and business has adjusted itself to those lines, any sudden change involves a stoppage and new business adjustments. If the change of direction is so radical as to bring the commercial turn-table into use, the business changes involved are not readjustments, but reconstructions. The Democratic party offers a programme of demolition. The protective policy—to which all business, even that of the importer, is now adjusted; the reciprocity policy—the new merchant marine—are all to be demolished; not gradually taken down, but blown up. To this programme of destruction it has added one constructive feature—the re-establishment of State banks of issue."

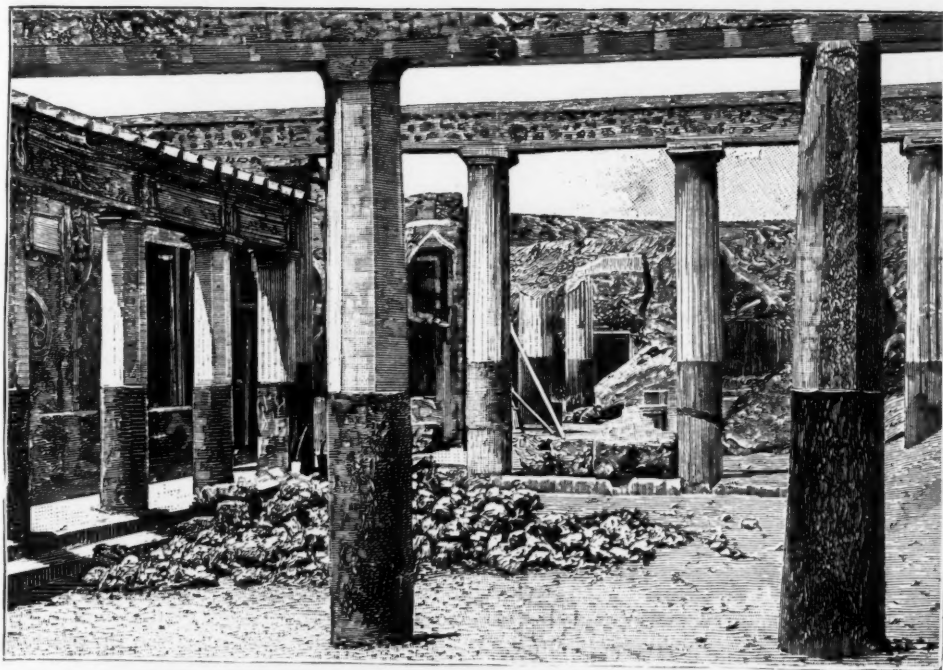
"The policy of the Republican party is, on the other hand, distinctively a policy of safe progression and of development of new factories, new markets, and new ships. It will subject business to no perilous changes, but offers attractive opportunities for expansion upon familiar lines."



MORELLO, WINNER OF THE FUTURITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 198.]



BODIES RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.



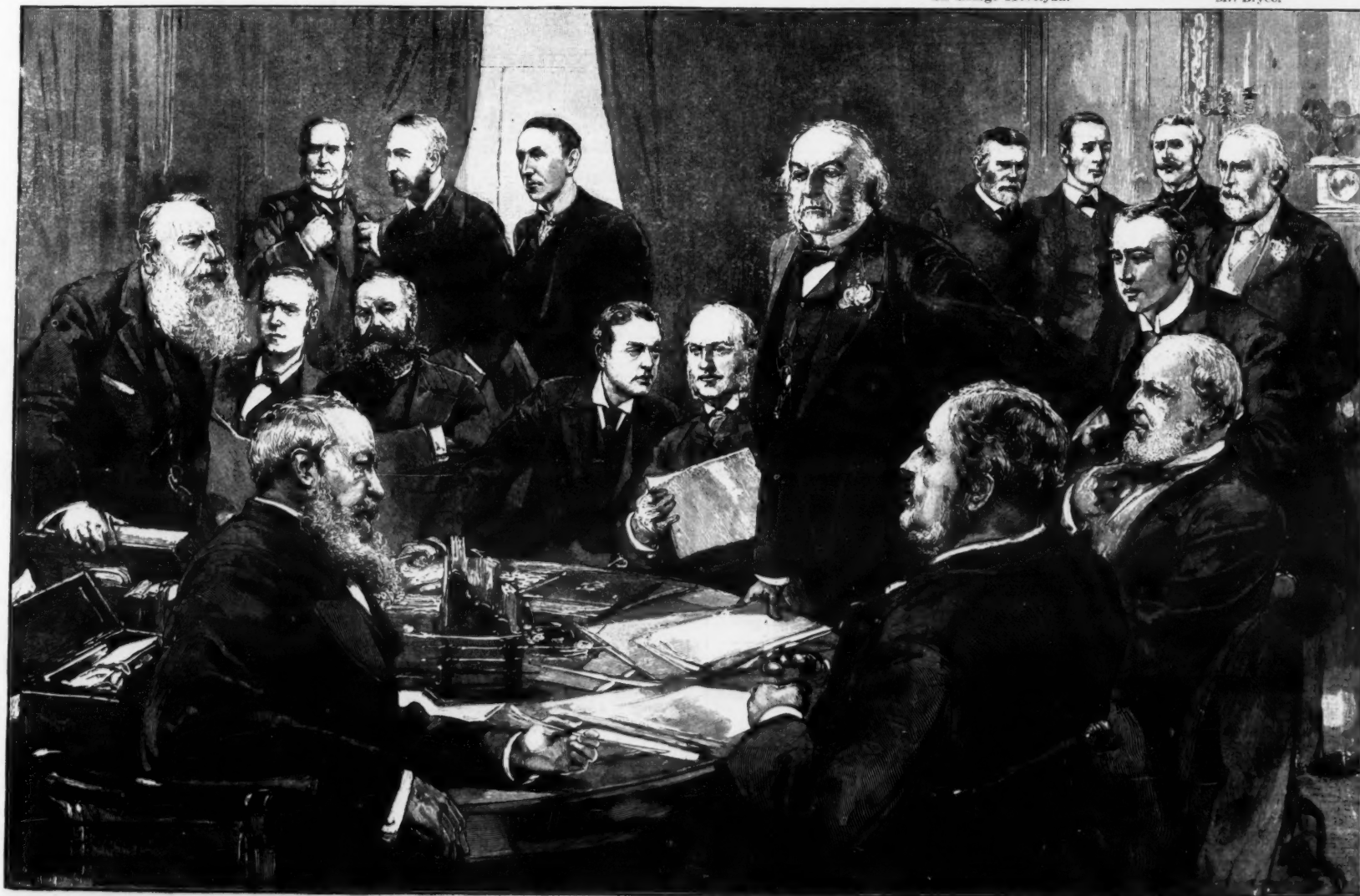
HOUSE NEWLY UNCOVERED AT POMPEII—THE PERISTILIUM.

Mr. Mundella. Mr. Henry Fowler. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Mr. John Morley.



WOODEN DOOR SEPARATING THE ATRIUM FROM THE PERISTILIUM.

Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Arthur Acland. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.
Sir George Trevelyan. Mr. Bryce.



Mr. Asquith. Earl Spencer.
The Marquis of Ripon.

The Earl of Rosebery. Lord Herschell.

Sir William Harcourt.

Mr. Arnold Morley.
The Earl of Kimberley.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY—THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

A PROSE ETCHING—WEARINESS.

ALL nature smiles. A smile, like that ineffable one that dawns after a love-kiss, lies on the cerulean sea; even the grass and the violets are dimpling with baby laughter; the pink azaleas smile in their rosiest like happy brides; but I cannot smile for weariness.

From that rose boskage the thrush is singing her sweetest. I, too, try a song, but it dies away like faint sounds in a dream. I cannot sing for weariness.

The inspired page of the poet lies open before me. I, too, will pen some lines that will send an electric thrill around the world; but, alas! the pen falls. I cannot write for weariness.

I close my eyes only to open them on my pure-eyed lover, who would woo me back to life, to him, with a honey-sweet kiss; but, alas! my lids close to shut out the radiance of his desire. Alas! I am too weary to love—too weary even to be loved. I cannot love for weariness.

In my weariness in all the smiles of day, in all the smiles of love, I have only longed for the night; and now that night is here with her solemn hush, in my weariness I only yearn for death, wherein are not even dreams.

V. S. G.

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Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BEATTY Piano, Organ, \$23 up. Want agents. Cat. free. Dan F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. D.

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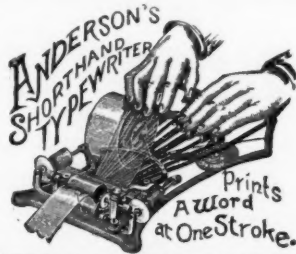
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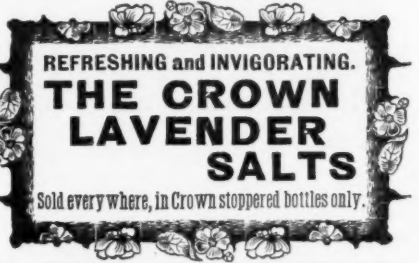
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Tis plain that a charm is
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It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
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AN ANGEL.

WHEN I've committed an error
My wife ne'er will let the thing pass;
To be sure I admit she's an angel—
But a recording angel, alas!

GUESSED IT.

"Do you know what my sister said
Of you?" asked Neddy, of her beau.
"I have not an idea, Ned."
"That's what she said. How did you
know?"

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A box of
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FUN.

WHEN a person gets too smart for any other
teacher experience gives him a few lessons and
knocks him out.—*Dallas News.*

No wonder the Alps show so many yawning
chasms. They have been unmercifully bored.
The St. Gothard tunnel alone is more than eleven
miles long, and now there is to be a twelve-mile
tunnel through the Simplon.—*Philadelphia*
Record.

It is when a young fellow has lost his head
that the girl in the case is likely to mercifully
lay her own on his shoulder.—*Philadelphia*
Times.

It is said that the longer a person is in eating
the more pleasure will be derived from it. There-
fore the man who wrestles with the boarding-
house steak should be supremely happy.—*Boston*
Transcript.

THE PROPER CORRECTION.

"I CAN'T do this example," said little Miss
Bleecker to her governess from Boston.
"Oh, you mustn't say that."
"Well, I *can't* do it, then."

UNSAFE OTHERWISE.

GURLEY—"I wish you'd introduce me to
your tailaw, Codling."

CODLING—"I will with pleasure, me boy, if
you'll lend me enough money to pay for me
lawst suit, doncher know."

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

How geese and ladies differ
You easily may guess;
Ladies are often dressed to kill,
Whilst geese are killed to dress.

ONE OF THE YOUNG SETTLERS.

WILKINS—"There's one of the old settlers in
this part of the country. His son, I believe,
moved to the city."

FILKINS—"Yes; and he's known as one of
the young settlers there."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; settled for ten cents on the dollar."

CONSUBIAL.

I've with my wife a happy life;
There's never heard a word of strife.
When differing—I her way incline;
When we agree—then I have mine.

WHY HE DECLINED TO CALL.

PERHAPS the lawyer was justified in being
provoked. He had met an old friend, shaken
hands with him, and asked after his health.

"Never better," was the reply.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the lawyer. "Come
around to the office to-morrow and see me."

"No, thank you. I have a little money with
me."

SWANS.

'Tis said "Swans sing before they die."

Perhaps. 'Twould cause some laughter
Should some one say, or you or I,
That they sang after.

HIE JUST THOUGHT.

"Did you happen to save the copy of that
little poem of mine you printed last week?"
asked Rimer of the editor.

"No; we don't preserve copy that has been
used. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I happened to see in the paper that
the manuscript for Tennyson's earliest volume
of poems, for which he received \$100, is now
valued at \$5,000, and I thought—but you
needn't untie the dog. I'll depart peaceably."

This is the way they sing it now:

Grover, Grover, soon it will be over;
He'll fall down and break his crown,
And that will finish Grover.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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